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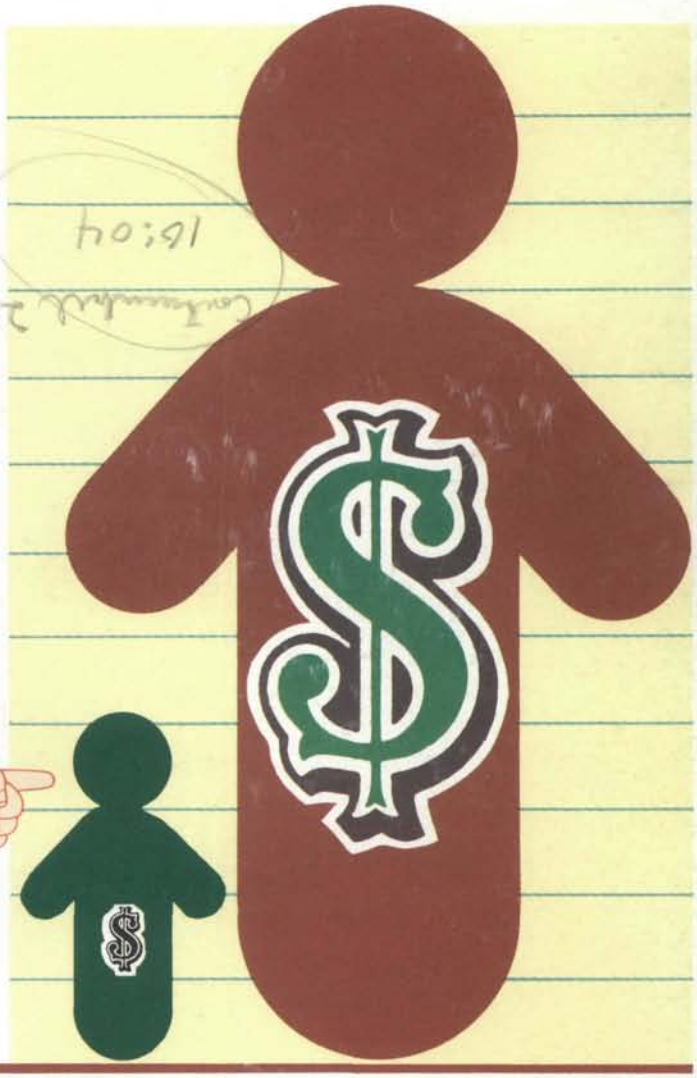
DECEMBER 21, 1979

tor Jake Garn on
CARTER'S
FORMATION GAP
—see page 1614

# NATIONAL REVIEW

## The IRS Wants YOU



JOHN McCLAUGHRY

## The Honest Man's Guide to Plagiarism JOHN GREENWAY

ALSO IN TH
m London, on the Blunt Affair
tt's Diaries ◆ Joseph Sobran on
Steinfels's The Neoconservatives ◆ Mano on Barth

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# NATIONAL REVIEW

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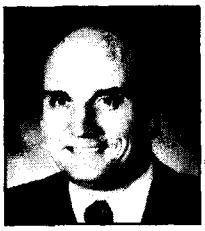

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## ARTICLES & COLUMNS


1606 **Treasonable Thoughts**
Western negotiations with the Soviets take the form of an infinite string of last chances.
*Brian Crozier*

1608 **Another Captive Nations Week**
Captive Nations Week was celebrated this July. Perhaps you missed it. Forgotten, but not gone. *Lev E. Dobriansky*

1609 **Uncle Sam's War on the Independent Contractor**
As inflation pushes taxpayers into higher and higher brackets, and the Social Security System rattles and gasps, Americans seek ways—many of them perfectly legal—to outwit the IRS. The IRS, in response, has launched an assault on the "subterranean economy," with dire consequences for loggers, lobstermen, and other small, independent entrepreneurs. *John McClaughry*

1614 **Mr. Carter's Information Gap**
Arms limitation treaties depend on the good faith of the signatories. If the Soviet Union has been cheating on SALT I, that is a matter of serious national concern. If the Carter Administration is concealing the cheating, that is a matter of serious political concern. They have, and it is.
*Senator Jake Garn*

1623 **On the Side of Liberty**
For the first time in forty years, the intellectual avant garde in Great Britain is anti-collectivist. *The Spectator*, celebrating its 150th birthday, is where they display their opinions. *The London Times*

1624 **The Honest Man's Guide to Plagiarism**
"I have nothing original in me," wrote poet Thomas Campbell, "excepting Original Sin." If Campbell was like other writers, he probably stole the line. *John Greenway*

1627 **The Russian Hour**
The Soviet Union is strong. More important, Western Europe is weak.
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1628 **Why Bother?**
Some religious schools resist the encroachments of the state. Others take their cue from the church of the Laodiceans.
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1630 **Counterintellectuals, Unite!**
Peter Steinfels offers a sporadically incisive analysis of the neoconservatives, but fails to come to grips with their underlying philosophy—perhaps because they have failed to do so as well. *Joseph Sobran*

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1632 **Falling Chestnuts**
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1633 **Fearful Symmetry**
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1635 **Looking Backward**
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1635 **Operatic Operators**
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Cover by James W. O'Bryan


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# Letters

## The Blind Leading the Blind

Ernest van den Haag's "Birds, Bees, and Bathroom Tours," in your December 7 issue, left me gasping for breath. The sex educators seem bent on degrading human sexuality as far as possible. I was particularly struck by the puerile nature of so many of the teaching techniques—children teaching children. The stress on "rational love" (which is nothing more than self-gratification), the bathroom tours (children often have difficulty distinguishing between sex and excretion), and the encouragement of the use of four-letter words for sexual nomenclature should be extremely successful in creating, not sexually well-adjusted adults, but vulgarians. As Mr. van den Haag rightly observes, "Sexual desire 'glopped up with sentiment' was thought to help us, not to masturbate, but to forge relationships, including the most sublime ones human beings can share."

Surely, though, the horrors catalogued by Mr. van den Haag are not the universal experience of kids in sex-education classes. I know that the instruction in our local schools is much more delicately handled. Missing from the article was some indication of how widespread the abuses are.

*Mrs. Sydney Hirsch*
*Dayton, Ohio*

## Love and Marriage

While I appreciate Mr. Fultz's kind remarks about my article ["Letters," Nov. 9], I must insist it was correct to state that Lewis's wife was bedridden at the time of their marriage. Indeed, the marriage occurred at the Churchill Hospital, Oxford.

Two months later, Lewis wrote, "Joy is home, only because hospital can do no more for her—completely bedridden." Still later she experienced a temporary remission of her disease. (Okay, I do think the marriage was consummated, if it's important to know.)

A civil ceremony performed about a year before the hospital wedding was purely an expedient, enabling Joy Davidman, an alien, to remain in England. According to the most comprehensive Lewis biography (Green and Hooper's), from which these facts are taken, the "registry office wedding was simply a legal form and had nothing to do with marriage."

*Robert C. de Camara*
*Lancaster, Pa.*

## Eastern Light

Feeling that I had read all I wanted to read about Pope John Paul II's visit to America, I quickly turned the page on "The Light from the East" [Oct. 26] by John Lukacs.

Coming back to the magazine some days later I read the article, and realized what I would have missed in passing over Mr. Lukacs's splendid and heart-warming writing. I would like to thank *NR* for bringing us such outstanding authors.

*Roy V. Williams*
*Chestnut Hill, Pa.*

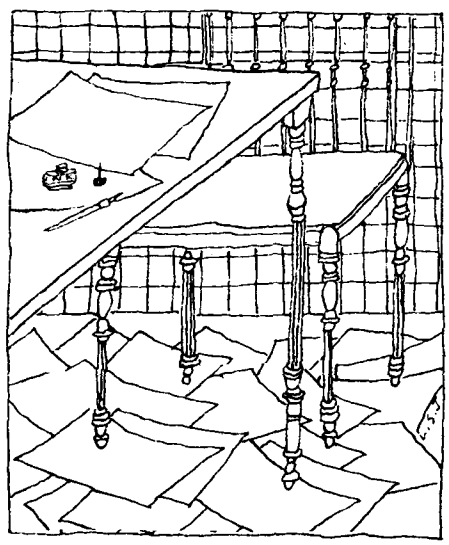
## Bearing Up for a Boycott

The latest column by Cato ["Letter from Washington," Nov. 23], about the "cuddly" Misha bear, angered me. Can't something be done about the sale of this thing? It seems that the anti-Iranian feeling throughout the country indicates there still lurks an emotion akin to patriotism in most Americans. Why can't we boycott bloody Misha, since we are asked to boycott grapes, lettuce, et al.? If you were to send a copy of Cato's column to the president of the American Catholic Bishops Council, to the equivalent heads of other religious groups in this country, and to labor union presidents, maybe a grassroots movement could be started that would allow Americans to demonstrate for a worthwhile cause for a change.

*Robert Prior*
*Bayonne, N.J.*

## Long Live the King

My thanks to Mrs. Paul Wilke ["Letters," Nov. 23] for correcting my confusion of *King* Hamor and *Prince* Shechem in my article "Remember the Hivites" [Oct. 12]. My error was particularly inexcusable because I had previously correctly identified the royal personages on page 2 of my





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book *The Treaty Trap*. It is no mitigation to point out that the error was immaterial to my point.

*Laurence W. Beilenson*
*Los Angeles, Calif.*

### Coddling Connally

Must you persist in your effort to sanitize John Connally for conservative consumption? NATIONAL REVIEW's editorial analysis [Nov. 9] of Big John's Mideast "peace" proposal is as dangerously disingenuous as its subject. On another day you would treat with contempt a scheme to undercut the security of an ally by openly capitulating to petroblackmail. But because it comes from Connally and not, say, Carter, you profess to discern some "statesmanlike" aura about it (while, incidentally, misrepresenting UN Resolution 242, which does *not* specify an Israeli return to 1967 borders).

Statesmanship presupposes a degree of integrity. Thus it is foreign to John Connally. His entire career gives testimony of self-serving expediency. When it was to his advantage to become a Republican, he did so. When price controls were in fashion, Connally backed them. Lately he has enriched himself through partnerships with Saudi Arabian interests.

It is entirely unsurprising that Connally continues to truckle to OPEC; that is where the money is. That NATIONAL REVIEW tortuously misrepresents his actions as those of a respectable conservative is what amazes.

*Loren E. Lomasney*
*Duluth, Minn.*

In your editorial supporting John Connally's Mideast "peace plan," you write that it is based "on the essential terms of UN Resolution 242, whereby 1967 borders would be restored and guaranteed."

Surely you must know that 242 does not call for anything of the sort. It speaks of "withdrawal . . . from territories occupied" not "all territories" or "the territories" and the interpretation NR adopts is the standard Soviet/Arab line. The official American position has never been in doubt; here is former UN Ambassador Arthur Goldberg's explanation of it:

"Resolution 242 does not explicitly require that Israel withdraw to the lines occupied by it before the outbreak of the war. The Arab states urged such language; the Soviet Union . . . proposed this. . . . But such withdrawal language did not receive the requisite support in the Security Council or in the Assembly. . . . The notable omission [of "the," "all" and "June 5, 1967 lines" was] not accidental. . . . And the notable presence of the words 'secure and recognized boundaries' . . . contemplates . . . less than a complete withdrawal of Israeli forces. . . . "

Mr. Connally's proposal would leave the Israelis with nothing to bargain with. Surely people who oppose SALT II can understand the irrationality of such a course.

*Jeff Jacoby*
*Boston, Mass.*

### Romantic Definition

Ruth Berenson, in her article "Lashed to the Mast" [Nov. 23], says that "nobody has yet succeeded in formulating a satisfactory definition" of Romanticism.

Well, Stendahl said, in 1823: "Romanticism is the art of presenting nations with the literary works which, in the present state of their customs and their beliefs, are capable of giving them the greatest possible pleasure." He described Classicism as, "on the contrary, . . . the literature which gave the greatest possible pleasure to their great-grandfathers."

*John J. King*
*Hartford, Conn.*

### More on the Prayer Book

With reference to Mr. Douglas Conder's letter in the November 9 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, which letter in turn discussed your comments in "The Week" [Oct. 12] on the Denver convention of the Episcopal Church, may I offer certain refutations?

While the old Book of Common Prayer and parts of the new book offer allegiance to differing traditions in style of worship, the greatest part of the new book follows *no* traditions, particularly in the language department.

Even more offensive than its base language are its general abandonment of the aspect of man's humility before a power greater than himself, its soft-pedaling and circumvention of the Ten Commandments and related admonitions, and its general shift to humanism as religion.

The formality and dignity of both the Latin Mass in the Roman Catholic Church and the traditional Book of Common Prayer in the Anglican/Episcopal Church enhanced the Church's ultimate mystery, while the new, awkward primer lowers one's sights to street level.

According to George Gallup's poll of May and June 1979, 71 per cent of the laity of the Episcopal Church wanted the convention in Denver to authorize freedom to continue using the 1928 book along with the new 1976 book. Ten per cent voted no. Nineteen per cent were undecided. Personal preference for the 1928 book among the laity is 63 per cent to 23 per cent.

I find it interesting that those who pontificate the loudest that the forms are not important are the same persons who most determinedly insist that *only* the forms which *they* like be used.

*Norma B. Aspinwall*
*Milford, Pa.*


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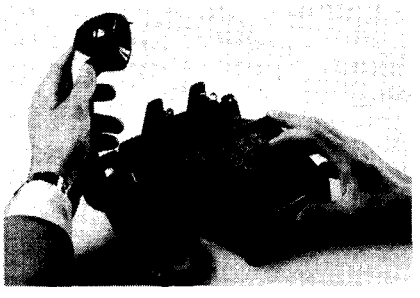

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### Victory

In "For the Record" [Nov. 23], you erred grievously in indicating there was nothing to shout about for the GOP on Election Day 1979. The State of New Jersey was an important exception, in that the Republicans went from a post-Watergate low of 26 seats in the lower house to 36 seats. While the new lineup of 36 to 44 does not represent control, it has very definitely upset the majority party in this capital city.

Furthermore, in Mercer County (Trenton area), a GOP candidate for County Executive broke a twenty-year stranglehold by the Democrats; and the GOP mayor of Hamilton Township (just outside Trenton) consolidated his victory of four years ago by beating his challenger 3 to 1. The Republican Party is not only alive in New Jersey, it is doing very well indeed.

*Bruce M. Rusk*
*Trenton, N.J.*

### Punk with a Point

In his New Wave article [Nov. 9], John Buckley skipped some of the most striking Sex Pistol lyrics. The Berlin Wall song, "Holidays in the Sun," is a sardonic condemnation of the visits by Western liberals to fashionable Communist states—*a cheap holiday in other people's misery*, as Johnny Rotten succinctly phrases it. He makes his point clear in the next lines: *I don't want a holiday in the sun/ I want to go to the new Belsen.*

"Bodies," meanwhile, is the most powerful anti-abortion song ever. Only the Sex Pistols could have created music and lyrics ugly enough to let us imagine a fetus's view of his own abortion: *Just another discharge, another loss in protein? . . . Mommie, I'm not an animal, I want a body.* It isn't pleasant to hear, but, surely, it is necessary.

*Steve Sailer*
*Houston, Tex.*

### Fishy Money

In the "Letters" section of the November 9 issue of *NR*, J. M. Preston inquired as to where the Clamshell Alliance gets its clams. According to an editorial in the *Worcester Sunday Telegram*, some of the money has come directly from the Massachusetts Attorney General's office. Ms. Paula Gold, who heads the Consumer Protection Division, is providing financial support for groups to state their views before agency hearings. "In the past two years," the editorial states, "her office has secured $280,000 from the federal Office of Energy and has parceled it out to various groups, most of them with a liberal, anti-industry bent. The Boston Clamshell, for example, has received two grants totaling more than $24,000 to fight Boston



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power plant at Plymouth. Mass PIRG, which trains cadres for Ralph Nader, got . . . $23,000 for similar activities. Three other groups, On the Corner, Alternate Energy Coalition, and Picnic, received a total of several thousand dollars to fight nuclear power . . ."

With backing like that, they'll never clam up.

*Charles H. Chandler*
*New Britain, Conn.*

### Appeal to the Pharaoh

You deserve deep gratitude for publicizing more than any other secular magazine the plight of the seven Soviet Pentecostals in the U.S. Embassy in Moscow ["Down and Out in the American Embassy," Aug. 31]. The letter from a reader in Moscow [Nov. 23] indicates that "your criticism has contributed to a shift in the Embassy's behavior."

"As the Embassy continues to intercede more actively on behalf of the Pentecostals, we must re-focus our attention onto the basic Soviet guilt in this affair," your reader in Moscow says. "Our voices must be heard at the Soviet Embassy in Washington."

This is important but not sufficient. There is no doubt about the basic Soviet guilt in this affair, or that the Soviet Embassy in Washington should be flooded with thousands of letters urging the freedom of emigration for the seven Siberian Pentecostals and their families. However, these seven courageous people are symbols of some fifty thousand Soviet Christians (Protestants, Catholics, Orthodox, and others) who want to emigrate, along with hundreds of thousands of Jews and members of various nationalities. Unfortunately, there are very few advocates in the U.S.A. for Christian emigration from the USSR.

It is, therefore, extremely urgent that we appeal to President Carter, the Department of State, and the Congress to deny the Soviets most-favored-nation status, advanced technology, U.S. support of the Moscow Olympics, and other benefits unless they implement the Helsinki Final Act, liberalize their emigration policy, release all prisoners of conscience, and stop religious persecution.

*(Rev.) Blahoslav Hruby*
*Editor, Religion in Communist Dominated Areas*
*New York, N.Y.*

### Courage Reconsidered

NATIONAL REVIEW's attack on Dmitri Shostakovich ["Traitor to Art," Nov. 9] was ill-conceived both musically and morally. Inasmuch as Stephen L. Burton ["Letters," Nov. 23] has addressed the relevant musical points, I will confine myself to the personal and moral issue.

What concerns me is the ridiculous assertion that with "a little courage," Shostakovich might have sought asylum in the West. Can *NR*, which is usually perceptive of the dangers of the Russian menace, be so oblivious to some of the truly horrendous aspects of Communist terror? Shostakovich had family in Russia. His son, Maksim, is a leading symphony orchestra conductor there. Had the great composer defected to the West, what horrors would have been visited upon those who were left behind?

It is no secret to Western observers that the Soviets rarely, if ever, allow their citizens to bring entire families with them when they are permitted, on rare occasion, to travel to the West. The Communist dictatorship requires that hostages remain within Soviet borders to ensure the "correct" behavior of those permitted to travel. That there are any defections at all, given this circumstance, is somewhat amazing.

Clearly, it requires great courage to remain in a slave environment when the opportunity to escape arises, in order to protect loved ones. It is therefore perverse to state that one who sacrifices himself in that manner is a traitor.

*Michael Alan Schwartz*
*Detroit, Mich.*


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# FOR THE RECORD

■ What really stirs the juices of the hard Left is **anti-Americanism**. Here's how the Left press sees Iran. The *Militant* (Socialist Workers Party [Trotskyist]): "The lives of the Americans in Iran are being held hostage—by the **Carter** Administration, not by Iran. The world is being pushed to the brink of war—by the Carter Administration, not by Iran." . . . *Daily World* (CPUSA): "The evidence is mounting that Washington and its **Wall Street mentors** do not want to free the U.S. hostages or end the conflict with Iran. They have shut the door to every opportunity so far offered to reach an equitable, peaceable conclusion of a situation Washington deliberately provoked in the first place." . . . Only the Communist Party M-L (pro-**Peking**) worries that the Soviet Union may take advantage of the crisis to move militarily against Iran. . . . To the old antiwarriors and the new anti-nukers, Iran is a clarion call to battle. Hundreds turned out at a Communist-organized **Vigil for Peace** in New York (end war threats against Iran; try the **Shah** before an international tribunal; etc.), from the War Resisters' League, Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, Women Strike for Peace, Mobilization for Survival (the key anti-nuke unit), and the Shad Alliance. . . . But Americans at large oppose the blackmail threat: 66 per cent favor a military strike if the **hostages** are hurt or brought to trial; 68 per cent don't think the Shah should be sent back. . . . Sighted, in Corning, N.Y. by Rep. **Stanley Lundine**, the graffito: "Bomb Iran into the Stone Age," and underneath it: "That would be redundant."

Bubec, *Heilbronner Stimme* Rothco

■ New polls all over the lot show Carter moving up fast against **Kennedy**, even moving ahead among Democrats and Independents in one sounding (**ABC-Harris**). . . . **Evans & Novak** say three men are responsible for the turnaround: Edward M. Kennedy, the **Ayatollah Khomeini**, and **Robert Strauss**, new head of the Carter campaign. . . . Possibly a historic first: Kennedy's sideswipe at the Shah drew a joint statement of disapproval from **Bill Brock**, head of the Republican National Committee, and **John White**, head of the Democratic National Committee. . . . Meanwhile in Teheran, Kennedy was front-paged in the newspapers. Says the accompanying story: The American people are "divided" on whether or not to return the Shah. . . . And the heavy-handedness continues. E.g., Kennedy, trying to get into the good graces of **women's lib**, says Declaration of Independence should read, "All persons are created equal." . . . Lots of guffaws when it was learned that Kennedy had signed up Mobil Oil's vice president for public relations, **Herbert Schmertz**, the fellow who was responsible for all those Mobil newspaper and magazine ads. Less noted, the signing up of **Tony Schwartz** to create Kennedy radio commercials. Schwartz's best known commercial: the little girl, the daisy, and the nuclear cloud during the **Goldwater** campaign.

■ Every poll shows **Ronald Reagan** still in front by several lengths, so interest centers on balance of field. Sen. **Howard Baker** and **George Bush** are vying for former **Gerald Ford** wing of party and, at present, Bush seems to be going up, Baker down. . . . Baker aides now say he will concentrate on Iowa, New Hampshire, Illinois rather than on all the early primaries as previously planned.

■ Until recently, **Czechoslovakia** took care of its dissident problem simply by making sure that the only jobs available to them were manual jobs: street sweepers, cleaners, janitors, cloakroom attendants, window washers. **Paul Breenan**, writing in *The Nation*, estimates that following '68, between 100,000 and 150,000 Czech writers, artists, scholars, and professional men were relegated to those jobs. . . . Moscow is tougher: it has ordered dissident **Yuri Orlov**, now serving a seven-year sentence, to punishment regime: unheated cell, reduced food ration, solitary. . . . Liberal Dutch Catholic theologian **Edward Schillebeecks** was so outraged when ordered to Rome Dec. 10 to defend his views before the Sacred Congregation of the Doctrine of the Faith that he has appealed to Amnesty International for help. Sorry—no go, said AI.



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# New Hope For Energy Conservation?

***The U.S. still imports almost half its oil. New incentives for conservation may finally help reduce this dependence.***

Conservation is the only near-term strategy that could reduce America's dependence on imported oil. But as Anthony Lewis, columnist for *The New York Times,* observes, "Conservation is not a politically sexy idea. It cannot be described as a 'massive' program, a new Manhattan Project. It does not make Presidents sound bold." In short, conservation lacks a clear constituency.

## Conservation doesn't have to mean sacrifice.

The failure of conservation to attract a constituency may result from the sacrifices Americans have been asked to accept in the name of conservation.

This is unfortunate, because conservation actually describes the process of getting more for less, or improving the efficiency with which energy is used. Daniel Yergin, co-editor of *Energy Future* (Random House, 1979), said it all when he termed the President's program mandating thermostat settings a major setback for conservation. After all, who wants to be too cold in the winter and too warm in the summer? Yergin and other analysts believe that if energy efficiency became a way of life, Americans could live as comfortably as they do now on 30 to 40 percent less energy.

## New incentives need support.

The Senate recently approved important new incentives for residential and commercial conservation and the House of Representatives is likely to consider similar measures soon. It may be premature to claim that a long-overdue constituency for conservation is finally taking shape. But Congressional action on the new incentives may suggest that more Americans than ever before are willing to look from their attics to their basements for the "new" domestic energy the nation needs.

Conservation opportunities also abound in industry, which has already improved its energy efficiency by 16 percent since 1973. But like homeowners and commercial property owners, industry often lacks the capital or finds the payback (in fuel savings) too long to invest in many of the conservation projects that could be undertaken. Congress should extend the principle of financial incentives to industry, because conservation is the best near-term energy strategy the nation can pursue.

*For a copy of a paper on conservation incentives* presented to the Conference Board by Ronald S. Wishart, Union Carbide's director of energy policy, write "Conservation," Union Carbide Corporation, Box G-25, 270 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

UNION CARBIDE

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# THE WEEK

■ Sending the Iranian students home is an empty threat anyway, since the Constitution prohibits cruel and unusual punishment.

■ Sales of Iranian flags are booming in the United States, flags not for flying but for burning. The burning of other nations' flags is a routine prelude to war, which cannot get under way until nation can be brought to hate nation. In the hullabaloo a word of pacification yearns to be uttered. 1) Not every Iranian hates every American, nor every American every Iranian. 2) Iranians are not primitives: the Persian legacy in art, science, and political philosophy is a rich vein in the mother lode of Western civilization. 3) Islam shares with Judaism the prophetic tradition of Adam, Noah, Abraham, and Moses; and with Christianity all these and Jesus; the true religious conflict of our time is not amongst believers but between believers and the official atheism of Moscow. 4) More powerful than the transmitters beyond the borders, more powerful than the engineered mobs, is the voice crying in the wilderness.

■ Hans Bethe (Nobel Prize in Physics, 1967), Tom Pigford (member of the President's Commission on Three Mile Island), Frederick Seitz (past president of the National Academy of Sciences), Edward Teller (professor emeritus, University of California), Alvin Weinberg (director of the Institute for Energy Analysis in Oak Ridge), and Eugene Wigner (Nobel Prize in Physics, 1963) have sent President Carter the following telegram: "The Iranian crisis will cause a severe oil shortage in the coming year. The consequences of this could be alleviated by putting into operation the six nuclear [power] plants which are completed and ready for use. There is no reasonable doubt that they can be operated safely. Their energy output will replace 200,000 barrels of oil per day—a substantial part of the oil previously imported from Iran. We urge you to do all in your power to have these plants operating as soon as possible."

■ After serving as a colorful but sound governor of New Hampshire, Meldrim Thomson lost a tight race in 1978 to Hugh Gallen, a conservative Democrat. Since his defeat, the former governor has been behaving strangely. He is reported, apparently reliably, to have joined the John Birch Society. "I am unhappy," he said recently, "with all those who have surfaced or have indicated they will surface in the presidential waters." Thomson has announced the formation of a Constitution Party, whose first presidential nominee will be *him*. His campaign chairman will be Rufus Shackleford, until recently chairman of the American Party. Baroque as all this seems to be, New Hampshire political professionals breathed a sigh of relief. The possibility existed that the former governor would try to run for the Senate seat now held by left-wing Democrat John Durkin, and Thomson is probably the only person in New Hampshire who might lose to Durkin.

■ Consumer-advocate-Ralph-Nader has moved to squelch what he considers to be yet another defective product—the columns of syndicated journalist and *NR* contributor Ralph de Toledano. Early in 1975, Toledano asserted, in the course of a column on Nader and nuclear power, that "Senator Abraham Ribicoff . . . [had] devoted some 250 devastating columns of the *Congressional Record* to demonstrate conclusively that Nader falsified and distorted evidence to make his case against" the Corvair. Toledano was referring to an investigation of the Corvair controversy which the Executive Reorganization Subcommittee under Senator Ribicoff had been pursuing for two and a half years. The subcommittee's final report, while conceding that Nader acted in "good faith," relentlessly refuted his points. "The [trial] Court's reading of the *Congressional Record*," concluded Judge Harris of the District of Columbia Court of Appeals, "suggests that the single passage regarding [Nader's] 'good faith' was more of a sugar coating for a bitter pill than an accurate reflection of the content of the report. . . . Toledano's interpretation should be protected and privileged as a rationally defensible choice among a range of interpretive alternatives." Harris's colleagues on the bench disagreed, and the Court rejected Toledano's appeal for a summary judgment. So the case drags on, or will drag on, as long as Toledano can hold out—the resources of independent journalists being notoriously smaller than those of consumer advocates.

■ Hospitality was in short supply for Iran's deposed King of Kings. Mexico had suddenly cooled. President Sadat's receptivity was not being echoed by others in Egypt. Here as well, there was chill in the air. President Carter neglected to send even a get-well card to the man whom only two years ago he had lavished with encomiums and called his closest confidant in world affairs. The only place that wanted him was Iran. Yet there was no way to comply. The President had no authority to hand over an alien, properly here, to a country with which there was no extradition treaty. The thing to do was to make a virtue of necessity. The attendant difficulties were the price—and not too high a price—of having the rule of law. There was something truly to be proud of at the core of our difficulties.



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## LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Good news this week on SALT. Scoop Jackson, after huddling with Howard Baker and other anti-SALT senators, told a staff meeting that there are 39 votes against the treaty package. That figure represents a new high-water mark for the opposition and has persuaded the Administration to ease off pressure to force a vote by year-end. Jackson and Baker both stress, however, that vote tallies ebb and flow in response to domestic politics and international developments. (His Starkness the Ayatollah, for instance, is worth as much as ten votes to the opposition, according to one source.) In other words, SALT is not yet dead. It's just breathing hard.

We have said it before, but it bears repeating. The challenge to SALT II—in the face of united support from the White House, the Pentagon, and the media—is a development of the first magnitude. If America is to save herself, she will do so only by the narrowest of margins. *If* the SALT II treaty had not come along at this time and *if* a few flinty patriots had not chosen to stand against it, our last chance to rearm and survive might have slipped away. Paul Nitze, Howard Baker, Scoop Jackson—we can never repay them. And the Soviets, they helped, too. We should be everlastingly grateful for what now appears to be a grave strategic error on their part. They pressed too far and too soon in their drive for international domination. They allowed us time—just barely enough time—to respond.

■ Karen DeYoung of the *Washington Post* is back in Managua for another look. The headline on her November 29 dispatch demonstrated that she hasn't lost the touch: "Guerrilla-Led Regime of Nicaragua Eludes Political Definition." This formulation will be familiar to veteran press-watchers as Position Two. It is customarily preceded by Position One ("Populist Reformers Oppose Repressive Pro-West Government") and is succeeded by Position Three ("National Liberation Leaders Hail Pact with Soviets." For tabloid play, of course, Position Three can be compressed to a simple, "Oops!"). We sometimes yearn for the bad old days when reporters oversimplified things, jumbling all those positions into a single, bone-chilling McCarthyite thrust.

■ On the political front, November was the cruelest month for John Connally. He stumbled onto the defensive, compounded his rhetorical problems, and all but blew his chances of overtaking Reagan as his organization split down the middle. The Texas crowd, dominated by former Lieutenant Governor Ben Barnes, and the Washington staff, led by veteran GOP manager Eddie Mahe, seemed to be conducting two different campaigns. Neither one was showing much forward movement. Connally has now begun to take names and kick ass. We hear that he'll install Charles Keating from Cincinnati, a heavy hitter in the financial world, as the top man. If so, we count that as a victory for the Texans.

■ By contrast, the media Playmate of the Month was George Bush. Rave reviews from both print and electronic media. With Connally fading and Baker tied to the Senate by SALT business, Bush has emerged as the focus of stop-Reagan activity. Which is not all that surprising. Bush is in the Scranton-Rockefeller tradition, while Reagan is just as clearly in the Goldwater tradition. A nomination for George Bush—the jogging, tennis-playing preppie from Greenwich—would bring the New Majority era of GOP politics to an abrupt halt.

■ If you've been wondering what happened to the liberal press, you're in fancy company. Teddy's been asking around himself. Here he consents to a media draft, declares his candidacy, and what does he get? The worst press since Barry Goldwater took on Teddy's brother 16 years ago. It has got so bad we almost expect to see headlines at the checkout counter—"Four Thousand Shrinks Agree—Teddy's Bonkers."

The thrashing administered to Teddy has been especially inconvenient for indigenous conspiratorialists. Teddy, after all, is quintessentially "their guy." But one learns never to underestimate the resiliency of conspiracy theories or the resourcefulness of those who embrace them. One such believer slipped us the combination to the safe: "Teddy wants to get all the negative stuff out early, see, so that he can ride the wave of sympathy all the way to the White House. It's all part of the plan."

Pending further revelations, we are more impressed by the view of Teddy's rapidly aging flacks, which view (properly disinfected for a family magazine) is roughly: "Those spineless ingrates! Who ever heard of Roger Mudd or Mary McGrory before they caught on with the Kennedys?" —CATO

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■ The U.S. should start preparing now, says a source deeply involved in the Middle East, for the post-Ayatollah Iran. Even before the takeover of the Embassy, Iranians were beginning to question the revolution's terrible cost. When the confrontation with America ends, Iranians will resume the self-examination, and it is certain, says this observer, that the result will be the ouster of a man who wants to impose the twelfth century on a country that is inextricably part of the twentieth century. After the fall of Khomeini there are three avenues left open for Iran: 1) it will break up into a land of small, autonomous republics—Kurdistan, Baluchistan, etc.; 2) local leftists will encourage chaos, setting the stage for their seizure of power; 3) the Soviet Union will move in without fear of U.S. retaliation, in view of the disastrous state of the U.S. military. While our source says this last scenario is the most likely, he also says it could be prevented: if the U.S. immediately undertakes major rearmament.

■ Rumania appears in the Western press, when it appears at all, as a politically frisky Communist renegade. Rumania waited an unprecedented 48 hours before applauding the Soviet invasion of Prague; Nixon used Rumania as a go-between in his long courtship of China; and traveling to Rumania has become a traditional way



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of offering a low-level insult to the Soviet Union (even Cyrus Vance has now visited Rumania, so it must be a very low-level insult indeed). Rumanian freedom ends, alas, where foreign policy stops, as witness the case of Ilona Luca. Miss Luca had the temerity to demonstrate against the Soviet invasion of Hungary in 1956, and has been in prison ever since. For the last seven years, her prisons have been called hospitals. Her illness has been diagnosed as "political paranoia," for which she receives copious drugs. It is all legal under Rumanian law, which prescribes "obligatory mental treatment" for persons "who repeatedly and seriously disrupt the living condition of other people." Expressions of umbrage directed at the Soviet Union by mere citizens, in other words, are abnormal—a distinction which Secretary Vance was apparently careful to keep in mind.

■ Tired of Moslem stories? Well, while nobody was looking, the Pope (remember him?) visited Turkey—not on a mission to that country's 45 million Moslems, but to discuss Christian concord with Patriarch Dimitrios I, spiritual leader of the Eastern Orthodox Church. The Pope confined his remarks to ecumenical matters ("the evangelization of the world waits for unity"). But Dimitrios used the opportunity to get off a salvo at Iran: "We are faced, Your Holiness, with a phenomenon that can only be qualified as a regression to a period of religious fanaticism, of religious wars, and of the self-destruction of men and their faith in the name of God."

■ For just over a year, the brick wall enclosing a bus yard at the corner of Changan Avenue and Xidan Street in Peking has carried posters criticizing Maoism, calling for democracy, and seeking redress of personal grievances (many dating from the Cultural Revolution). No more. "Democracy Wall" is about to go the way of Chinese democracy (see "Peking Spring," *NR*, Dec. 7). Government newspapers have denounced the wall for fostering "counterrevolutionary activities," "disrupt[ing] social order," "undermin[ing] stability and unity," the usual. "Foreigners with ulterior motives who want to get some information" are also accused of having made use of it. The *Peking Daily* summed it up: "The wall has no advantages, only disadvantages, and so must be taken care of as soon as possible."

■ The Pinochet government in Chile has been imprudent in refusing to make some gesture to the U.S. over the Letelier assassination. It is abundantly clear that Chilean intelligence services arranged the death of Letelier, the bomb going off within teacup-rattling range of the White House. Moreover, the explosion also killed an American citizen, Ronni Moffitt. Under the circumstances, Santiago should offer a lot more than the present legalistic stonewall, which has already invited diplomatic reprisals, this time deserved.

■ Great Britain hasn't been a European power since Mary Tudor lost Calais in 1558, and it shows, it shows. The British snubbed the Common Market when it was founded; were blackballed by de Gaulle when they tried belatedly to enter it; and most recently threatened to cause what President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing of France called "a rupture" at the European Council meeting in Dublin. The Common Market's agricultural policies (which affect 70 per cent of its total spending) amount to a protection racket for peasant farmers. Britain has no peasant farmers, and so ends up contributing over $2 billion—net—a year. "Britain," declared Prime Minister Thatcher, "is not in the Common Market to be fleeced." The fleecers, resentful of her rhetoric, stood firm. Everyone promised to discuss it at the next meeting. It's a long way to Calais.

■ The Moon Mullins Golden Oratory and Suds Society, invented specially for this occasion, offers a grand prize of one Susannie dollar for the most coherent English translation of Ted Kennedy's expressed reason for wanting to be President: "I would basically feel that it's imperative for the country to either move forward, that it can't stand still or otherwise it moves backward." Another Susannie dollar if you can correctly predict what it will cost, in 25 digits or less.

■ Some say Teddy's chief qualification for the job is that his brother was President; as others have noted, that lets in Billy too.

■ It isn't easy to steal a house, but the city fathers of Jacksonville, Florida have managed it, seizing and selling the home of Fedo and Hattie Mae Kenon to satisfy a tax judgment of $3.05 from four years ago.

■ CULTURAL-POLITICAL NOTES. Theresa Brewer has recorded a new ditty titled "Teddy," which features such catchy lyrics as "If you say you're ready to fly, Teddy, you'll be Number One." Don't count Carter out of it yet.

■ In a surprise austerity move, the New York City Board of Education has fired its chauffeurs.

■ However, the Board's valets and footmen have received assurances that their jobs are secure.

# Moderation—Iranian Style

"A moderate" was CBS News' phrase for Sadegh Ghotbzadeh on his accession as Iran's Foreign Minister. That talented old hand at revolutionary conspiracy and agitation must have relished the description even as Bluebeard liked it when called a model spouse. In U.S.



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## A Better Idea

From Subic Bay to Aden's
A ten-day run by sea;
In ten days, Lenin jailed the Czar
And threw away the key.
It's nice to see that *something*
Brings Carter to the boil,
But how about some flying fields
Adjacent to that oil?

W. H. VON DREELE

media discourse, the guerrilla subalterns and the Tudeh Party functionaries perpetrating the protracted atrocity were still being identified as "students." An English-sounding voice on NBC News reporting on the state of the trussed-up and tormented captives said there were no signs of violence. The ordeal was degrading the nation's language. Thus, after recounting the abuses and agonies, President Carter on TV warned Iran not to harm the hostages—leaving one to wonder what verb to use to sum up what had already been done to them week upon week.

Isolation from one's fellows, swaddled inertness, degradation, bullying, and an unremitting din of scorn and accusation are beyond what the psyche can be expected to bear for long. Memory fades. Hallucination takes over. Old norms pass beyond recall. Will and courage dribble away. Character disintegrates. Many of the captives—perhaps even all—may long since have been rendered abject and sequacious. There is no Fifth Amendment in revolutionary justice. A trial—if events come to that—will in high probability yield a bumper crop of coerced confessions.

Presumably, the captives include some portion of CIA staffers. One can scarcely toss a Perrier bottle in Washington's classier restaurants at lunch time without hitting an unacknowledged intelligence operative for some government or other. Similar things are alleged about London, Paris, Tokyo, wherever. An exemption for Teheran from the prevailing condition is unimaginable. The now deposed and pitiable Shah, moreover, was always touchy about sovereign status and often averse to receiving counsel from accredited envoys, including the U.S. ambassador—but was correspondingly amenable to being communicated with through less orthodox channels. Thus, much intergovernmental business was transacted by the CIA's man in Teheran. The rifled files probably reflect the circumstance. From the heretofore secret record, the CIA's hand in Iran's affairs might easily be made to look pervasive. The theme can be helped along by recalling the shift of a civil servant from the CIA directorship to the U.S. ambassadorship in Teheran only a few years ago.

What has happened since the Shah's flight into exile is something else. Just about a year ago, Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev warned the U.S. to keep hands off Iran. President Carter's retort might well have been: Mind your own business. Instead he answered: OK—and you too! What the retort signaled—intended or not—was that Iran was up for grabs. Even thereafter, this Administration, in its naïveté, may have fecklessly tried in furtive ways to salvage something from the debacle. Such futile efforts, too, may have provided grist for a revolutionary tribunal intent on fastening horrendous guilt on the United States.

A sophisticated appreciation of the possibilities from the Ayatollah Khomeini is probably too much to expect. Sadegh Ghotbzadeh, in contrast, may well prove clever enough to discern an opportunity to parlay gains from an incriminatory propaganda showpiece by a subsequent pose of magnanimity: sending the shattered victims home with sentences remitted in the name of Allah the Compassionate—perhaps to mumble on TV that, yes, they were treated not too badly and had come to have friendly feeling for their captors.

# King of the Castle?

"Our country is the strongest on earth . . . militarily." So said the President, in his press conference on troubles in Iran, to a questioner seeking assurance "that our power is not declining abroad." The President went on to list about every other aspect of general life in asserting national pre-eminence, thus implicitly dismissing a second part of the question having to do with a need for "reassessing priorities for the Eighties."

The President would have been hard pressed to find substantiation for his claim to military supremacy—a condition now referred to in past tense at the Pentagon. The SALT II hearing record at the Capitol even abounds with warnings from the Joint Chiefs of Staff concerning an imminent lapse of "essential equivalence"—the current term-of-art for a strategic standoff with the Soviet Union. Thus in Admiral Thomas B. Hayward's words—he is Chief of Naval Operations—"it is my view that, without any question, the Soviets will attain a first-strike capability in the next few years. If that is not a loss of essential equivalence, I don't know what is." Trends—according to General David C. Jones, JCS chairman—portend an increase in risk "to the point that I think the Soviet Union could directly coerce the United States." And so on. The residue of bureaucratic obscurities and circumlocutions in Secretary of Defense Harold Brown's current annual report corroborates those estimates.

The President is told these things. Does he hear them? His tone of voice in giving the cited answer conveyed the conviction, above empirical inquiry, of Don Quixote attesting Dulcinea's purity.



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## West Wind Blowing

In November California voters in a referendum approved a spending limit on state and local government. The success of Paul Gann's Proposition 4 was overwhelming, carrying all of the state's 58 counties and garnering 75 per cent of the total vote. "There's a west wind blowing out of California," said Mr. Gann, "and best we can tell it's heading for Washington, D.C."

Coming as it does on the heels of the success of the Jarvis-Gann tax-limitation initiative, Proposition 13, Mr. Gann's victory is indeed a clear indication that California taxpayers have had enough of blank-check government. We suspect the same is true in many other states and even more so on the federal level.

Elected politicians, however, have been everything but responsive to the taxpayers' concern. Taxing and spending limitations cut into the politician's ability to increase his power by legislating income transfers and building spending constituencies. Yet he need not visibly oppose taxpayers' interests, knowing full well that his legislative colleagues are not going to accede to them. And he knows that the voters in his district are not likely to hold him individually responsible for the failure of the legislative body in which he sits to act.

This has left taxpayers frustrated by the inability to exercise, through electoral politics, control over taxing and spending levels. In California, which has a voter initiative process and Messrs. Jarvis and Gann to provide leadership, the taxpayers simply took matters into their own hands and overrode inaction by their elected politicians.

## The Court Disrobes

Perhaps it was only a matter of time. After all, other key American institutions, from universities to the CIA to the Presidency, have attempted some mode of harakiri. But the Supreme Court? Until yesterday those nine justices, often vilified, subjected often to searing and cogent criticism, seemed to be immune. Some thoughtful people even theorized that the authority of the Court was a necessary fiction, a *pis-aller*. Since so many issues were vexed, apparently beyond consensus, *someone* had to settle them.

Now, however, the Court has done to itself what no outsider was able to do to it. In *The Brethren*, by Bob Woodward and Scott Armstrong, the Court demythologizes itself.

The term "the Court," here, does not refer only to the nine justices. It includes the entire institutional structure, including a couple of hundred young law clerks. Approached by Woodward and Armstrong, the whole structure leaked like a sieve. Those who were part of the Court structure clearly disbelieve in the validity of their institution. Integrity, institutionally speaking, was flung aside. The Court willingly disrobed before gossip journalists.

Clerks and justices provided a sordid picture of backbiting, mutual contempt, and chaotic decision-making beyond the wildest dreams of Court critics. Frequently, the Court did not even pretend to root its decisions in statutory or constitutional law. Among the dozens of clerks, bright young law-school graduates, who leaked to Woodward and Armstrong, the self-hatred exhibited is absolutely extraordinary. The White House had its John Dean; the Supreme Court has dozens of them.

*The Brethren*, writes columnist George Will, "will erode the Court's legitimacy, but perhaps the Court's decline into arbitrariness has gone so far that *The Brethren* is called for, as an antidote to undeserved deference toward the Court."

## Kennedy: The Twilight Struggle

Joshua Muravchik of Georgetown University has studied all the Senate roll calls on issues of foreign policy or defense in which Senator Kennedy voted from 1963 to October 1979. The results appear in a fine article in the December *Commentary*. Muravchik identified ten "categories" of votes covering most of the issues. Take a look:

1. *Foreign aid.* Kennedy pro 51 times out of 52, Senate as a whole 36 times, Democratic senators 33, Northern Democrats 44 times.

2. *Foreign aid to and through international organizations.* Kennedy pro 38 times out of forty, Senate pro 29, Dems 27, ~~NorthDems 32 times.~~

3. *Foreign military aid.* Kennedy pro 18 times out of 51, Senate 32, Dems 19, ~~NorthDems 15 times.~~

~~4. *Foreign aid—general* (overlapping above cate-~~

## Pretty Much of a Bust

William Miller, hat in hand,
Careful never to "demand,"
Did the Persian Gulf last week,
Importuning king and sheik.
Would they, please, for all our sakes,
Temper the production brakes?
Would they, when they raise the price,
Let a tiny one suffice?
Some said, "maybe," if they could.
Miller said he understood.

W. H. VON DREELE



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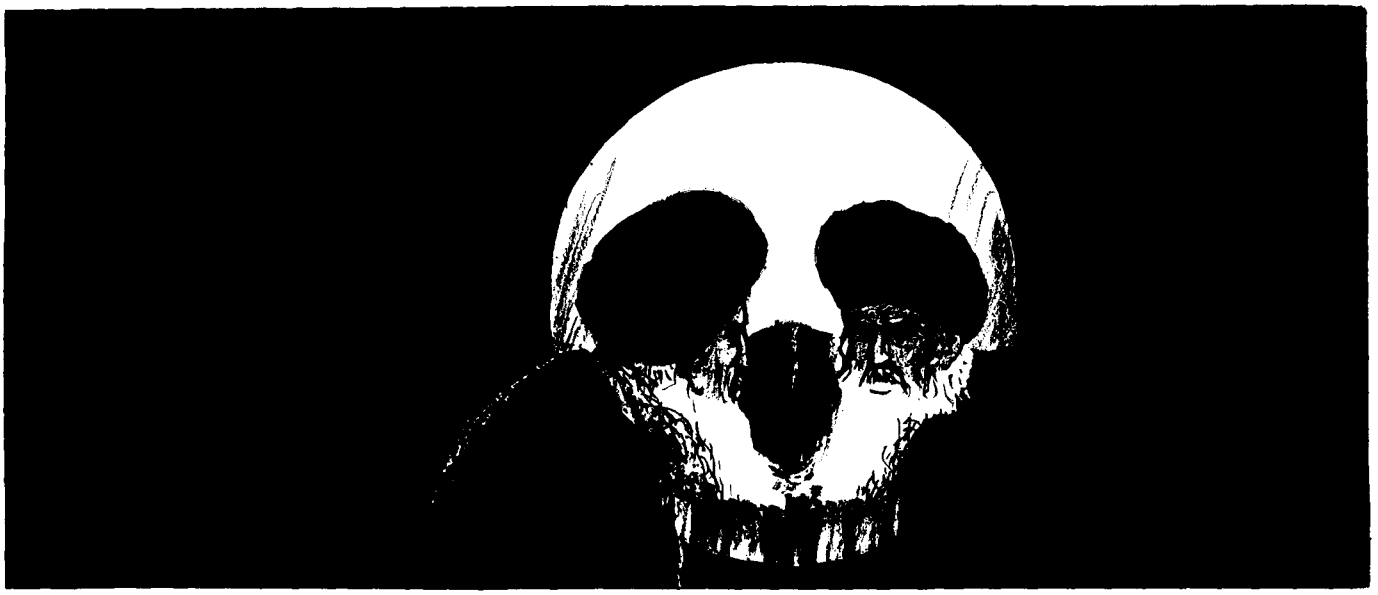

gories). Kennedy pro 58 out of 5[illegible], Senate 48, Dems 42, NorthDems 48 times.

5. *Defense—strategic nuclear.* Kennedy pro 4 out of 55, Senate 42, Dems 17, NorthDems 9 times.

6. *Defense—general.* Kennedy pro 13 out of 68, Senate 51, Dems 28, NorthDems 17 times.

7. *Relations with hostile powers.* Kennedy for tougher stance four times out of 36, Senate 16, Dems 11, NorthDems 10 times.

8. *Relations with flawed friendly powers.* Kennedy for tougher stance 42 times out of 43, Senate 19, Dems 38, NorthDems 40. Muravchik: "The comparison of this category with the previous one is interesting. Kennedy voted to get tough with hostile powers 11 per cent of the time; he voted to get tough with friendly powers 97 per cent of the time."

9. *U.S. presence abroad.* Kennedy for stronger U.S. presence 8 times out of 24, Senate 17, Dems 8, NorthDems 6 times.

10. *Middle East/Israel.* Kennedy pro-Israel 15 out of 17 times, Senate 16, Dems 15, NorthDems 15 times.

Muravchik, analyzing extensive passages from Kennedy's public statements over the years, shows that Kennedy's views today are unchanged from the unrealistic and outworn policies of 1963. "The Kennedy presidential candidacy," he concludes, "is based on a promise of strong, dynamic leadership. . . . But leadership for what, and to what end? Kennedy's world view appears to foresee an America with more modest military strength, fewer commitments, a diminished interest in exerting influence abroad, and a reduced attachment to the defense of our own values. On the record, Kennedy stands for a partial withdrawal from the role of world leadership which the United States has played since World War II. It is very much an open question whether this is the direction in which Americans yearn to be boldly led."

John Kennedy, on being inaugurated as President almost twenty years ago, said in his address that this country faces "a long twilight struggle"—a strange note of fatigue and dubiety to introduce into an inaugural address. Perhaps a sense of defeatism and exhaustion runs in the family.

# The Energy Bind

The other side of the President's program to stabilize oil imports at 8.5 million barrels of oil a day is domestic energy production. It must be stabilized too or else the total energy input into the economy will decline. We might get along with the same amount of energy by using it more efficiently, but less would mean stagnant or declining GNP.

The Bankers Trust Co. has taken a look at the cost of stabilizing the domestic output of energy. It is unsettling at the least. To maintain domestic energy production at its 1978 level over the next decade requires that energy investments increase by a factor of seven during a period when total funds available for all investments only triple.

So where will the capital for energy production come from? If a greater proportion of total investment capital is diverted to domestic energy production, there's less capital for all other investments. That would pull down GNP growth over the period and further reduce total investment capital.

Normally, selling oil from old reserves at the new higher price would give the industry windfall profits as a source of new investment capital. But the government has used price controls and now a tax to prevent this source of investment funds from materializing.

Bankers Trust says the only way for the U.S. to avoid a decline in real GNP is to increase the share of GNP



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devoted to business investment. This would require more saving, but Harvard economist Martin Feldstein finds that the U.S. saving rate is on the decline.

The right tax cuts are inflationary. And so the economy seems destined to stew in politically imposed limits to growth.

## The Whirling Johnnies And Taiwan's Security

In a rare show of judicial restraint, the District of Columbia Court of Appeals has reversed a lower court's interposition in the Senate's tiff with President Carter over the President's single-handed abrogation of a mutual defense treaty with Taiwan. With a touch of hyperbole, Senator Goldwater, one of the original petitioners for nullifying the President's action, envisions our constitutional forebears turning over in their graves because of the ruling.

To recall some pertinent early history—a mutual defense treaty with France, with no terminal provision, preceded the winning of U.S. independence and antedated the Constitution. Did the treaty continue to bind the U.S., or was the President free to put it aside? An outbreak of war between France and Britain prompted the issue during Washington's Presidency. The Jeffersonians—for a time with Washington agreeing—took the former view. The Hamiltonians argued for the President's inherent power to rescind the treaty obligations. The issue was rendered moot because France, preferring a biased neutrality instead of U.S. belligerency, did not invoke the treaty. Switching to the Hamilton view, President Washington—on his own, without congressional concurrence—proclaimed a policy of impartial aloofness. That action, implicitly jettisoning the alliance with France, gave rise to a great debate about executive prerogative. The Jeffersonian case argued by James Madison sought to define the President's role as merely instrumental to the legislature's bidding in foreign affairs as in other matters. In the Federalist version articulated by Alexander Hamilton, the Constitution's grant of executive power to the President conveyed a reservoir of authority to deal with external affairs—subject to those qualifications explicit in the Constitution.

Back to the Taiwan issue—on its own terms, the mutual defense treaty is subject to termination on a year's notice by either side. The Constitution is explicit about the Senate's concurrent role in treaty-making—but is silent on procedures for treaty termination. In view of that hiatus, it overdoes a bit to descry a tinge of Caesarism in a presidential assumption of autonomous authority to decide about terminating a clearly terminable external contract.

Our constitutional forefathers in the Great Beyond have probably become known long since as Whirling Johnnies, but whether they have picked up additional momentum from the decision in point is doubtful. Even the Jeffersonians among them must remember the dilution of their once stringent constitutional doctrines by Jefferson himself when in power. Whether President Carter acted wisely in ending the commitment to Taiwan's security and in going it alone in doing so is another question—but one for politics, not for constitutional law. Our political sympathies lie with Taiwan, the Senate, and the Senator from Arizona. But once again: Bad policy decisions are not necessarily unconstitutional.

## ACLU v. First Amendment

New Jersey's Holy Spirit High School is withholding the diploma of a straight-A student named Aaron Morrison whose extracurricular activities include holding Ku Klux Klan rallies on his front lawn. Naturally, the American Civil Liberties Union is into the act with both feet, helping young Morrison sue the school. "We're not defending the content of the Klan's philosophy, we're defending freedom of speech," explains an ACLU lawyer. "The Constitution is a good thing. Let's keep it intact."

Apparently the way you keep the Constitution intact is to sue to make the state tell a private, religious institution how to handle its affairs. It used to be taken for granted that a person's constitutional rights as such could be violated only by a state agency, never by a private one. That is why the First Amendment says that *Congress* shall make no law, etc. Nobody has made a serious argument that private institutions may not impose their own sanctions for what they deem evil speech: indeed the purpose of the First Amendment is to refer such matters to private action exclusively.

Now comes the ACLU to confuse the public and private realms in such a way as to curtail the free exercise of religions, not to mention related freedoms like that of association. Funny, isn't it, how the ACLU's notion of individual rights always seems to wind up enhancing centralized state powers?

## Remember Huber Matos

Until his arrest on October 21, 1959 Huber Matos, military commander of Camagüey province, was considered Castro's second in command. Since his early youth the school teacher had opposed dictatorship in Cuba. He had been a prime mover in the democratic resistance to Batista. He fought with the early Castro bands in the mountains. Upon Castro's triumph, Huber Matos was one of the four revolutionary leaders to appear on the new Cuban currency.



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It was not long before a hitch developed. Matos, an admirer of José Martí, really did oppose *dictatorship*, and not only Batista's. In later 1959, unable to go along with the Communization of his country, Matos tried to resign his Camagüey command. "I believe," he wrote circumspectly to Castro, his former comrade in arms, "that having to choose between accommodating myself or getting out of the way in order not to do damage, it is honorable and revolutionary that I go."

As Castro correctly perceived, Matos represented an alternative to Cuban Communism. He was also a political figure close in importance to Castro himself.

When Castro had Matos arrested, he had to arrest thirty Camagüey staff officers along with him. One of these officers, Captain Mañuel Fernandez, briefly seized a radio microphone, shouted that Matos was loyal to the revolution, and shot himself to death over Cuban home radio.

In the wake of Matos's arrest, thousands of anti-Batista democrats fled Cuba. In moving against Huber Matos, Castro a) secured his personal power, and b) betrayed Cuban democracy and delivered his country over to the Soviet Union. This will have a permanent niche in the museum of evil.

Castro then set out to destroy Matos mentally and physically. Until released recently and allowed to go into exile, Matos spent over 16 years in what he describes as Castro's Gulag. Matos is now in the United States. His descriptions of the conditions in Castro's political prisons are harrowing.

A frail man now, Huber Matos says, "I am stronger than any jail." He says, "I urge that we keep the flag of liberty raised in our exile." One wonders whether he will be invited to raise the flag on the Voice of America.

# Richard H. Rovere, R I P

Richard Rovere was energetically engaged in myriad enterprises, not the least of them the defense of himself against any animadversion, in the early years of NATIONAL REVIEW. He even wrote for us, once or twice, in symposia. Toward the end of the decade of the Fifties he became reclusive, traveling less and less even to Washington, which he covered for *The New Yorker* in elegant dispatches. Sad to say, he became irascible. His principal preoccupation was Senator Joe McCarthy, who suffered, like his biographer Rovere from demon-rum, a factor Rovere paraded in his book. By the time the Sixties and Seventies came by, Mr. Rovere's output was restricted, outside his *New Yorker* pieces, to the occasional book review—and such reviews were not infrequently elicited by the opportunity to say one more unpleasant thing about men whose principal preoccupation in mid-century was the struggle against Communism. Thus, in reviewing Allen Weinstein's book documenting the guilt of Alger Hiss, Rovere could not resist the temptation to write about Whittaker Chambers that he was "a confessed spy and perjurer, a thief in his youth, a tormented homosexual, frowsy in appearance and all but friendless, as obsessed by his anti-Communism as he had been as an evangel of revolution . . . a certifiable neurotic." Those who knew Whittaker Chambers well (they include the senior personnel of this journal, of which he was a Senior Editor) could confidently attest that Chambers's company was by any test a pleasant and irenic experience by comparison with Rovere's, and anyone at all is qualified to depose that Chambers's fixation with anti-Communism was objectively healthy contrasted with Rovere's psychotic fixation with anti-anti-Communism.

In effect, Rovere dropped out; unhappily, he did so churlishly. But his talent, under-exploited, was real. Though he had no humor, he had considerable wit; and his polish as a prose stylist was undisputed. The readers of *The New Yorker* will miss his undeniable artistry.

## Notes & Asides

■ Dear Bill:

OK, I give up . . . what does "tsimonoce" mean as used in the November 23 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, p. 1471? None of my literate friends can define it for me. Neither can I find it in any of my dictionaries.

You didn't just make it up, did you?

Write me collect.

Regards,
Benn Maggs
Salisbury, Md.

**"I'm sorry, Mr. President, but we ran it through PR and it didn't work."**



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Dear Mr. Maggs:

Although "tsimonoce" doesn't lend itself to conventional definition, it's about the worst thing you can call an economist. Cordially, BFW

■ *Memo to: NR Bulletin* Readers
From: Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

The issue of the *National Review Bulletin* that went to the post office last Friday night (Volume 31, No. 50) will be the last.

All of us at *NR* are greatly saddened by the death of the *Bulletin*, necessitated by the persistent failure of the Post Office to give it the preferential treatment to which it is entitled as a "newspaper."

To go back a bit . . . In 1955, we launched NATIONAL REVIEW as a weekly. Financial problems quickly overwhelmed us and we transformed it into a fortnightly. But we resolved to be there, on the odd weeks, with a *Bulletin* that would give capsule news, analysis, and commentary. Approximately 20 per cent of the magazine's readers voted for the *Bulletin* and, year after year, renewed their subscriptions.

In the past two or three years, however, the service of the Post Office grew worse and worse. The result was that as often as not a *Bulletin* would arrive 10, 12, or even 14 days after it was mailed, greatly diminishing its usefulness to men and women anxious to keep up with the news and to read fresh analyses. My own subscription, in New York City, sometimes arrived in the same mail as the following magazine—i.e., one full week plus normal delivery later. Understandably, attrition set in. That combined with the (ironic) continued rise in postal bills, plus the cost of production, has persuaded us that, after almost 24 years of publication, we must let the *Bulletin* go. We do this with genuine sorrow, grateful as always to you for your patronage of the *Bulletin*, on which we have received many compliments over the years.

Next year is a very big year for the United States. And, for NATIONAL REVIEW, the biggest year—our 25th Anniversary. We plan great things. And, not inconceivably, after we have settled down with our new publishing plant (we are effecting considerable economies by going to cold type), we plan to put our heads together and, who knows, maybe come up with . . . a new fortnightly newsletter. This one would be mailed by first-class mail, to which the Post Office has driven us. You will be the first to know. Meanwhile, next week, lift your hat, or pause for just a moment, when the *Bulletin* doesn't come in, as you would when saying goodbye to an old friend, for the last time. Yours faithfully,
WFB

■ MOSCOW SOURCES CONFIRMED BY KESTON COLLEGE REPORT ARREST NOV. 1 OF OUR ASSOCIATE FATHER GLEB YAKUNIN, FOUNDER OF CHRISTIAN COMMITTEE FOR DEFENSE OF BELIEVERS' RIGHTS, FOR ACTIVITIES WHICH WE CONSIDER TO BE LEGAL UNDER USSR CONSTITUTION AND INTERNATIONAL LAW. YOUR TELEGRAMS OR LETTERS TO SOVIET OFFICIALS LISTED BELOW DURING NEXT DAYS CAN HELP GUARANTEE HIS SAFETY AND THE CCDBR'S CONTINUED EXISTENCE. FOR FURTHER INFORMATION CALL FR. VLADIMIR DERUGIN (415) 494-6397 OR FR. VICTOR POTAPOV (202) 755-4103.

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■ Memo to: WFB
From: WAR

In the article on the U.S. Labor Party published in *NR* on March 29, 1979, the author reported that an FEC investigation was under way concerning the transmission of funds via Liberty Lobby to the United States Labor Party campaign for President in 1976. That statement was based on an oral statement by an attorney at the Federal Election Commission to a staff member of *NR*. The Federal Election Commission has now advised us that in fact no such investigation ever occurred.

**—WFB**

## Liberal Guilt

They say it's receding; let's *hope* so.
It's time they got back on the tracks.
They've suffered the bends with Fonda-and-friends,
And tethered their hands to their backs.
The President's color's improving.
Frank Church has been raising his voice.
Though Jerry remains a crony of Jane's,
I think we can safely rejoice.

W. H. VON DREELE



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# to National Review Readers:

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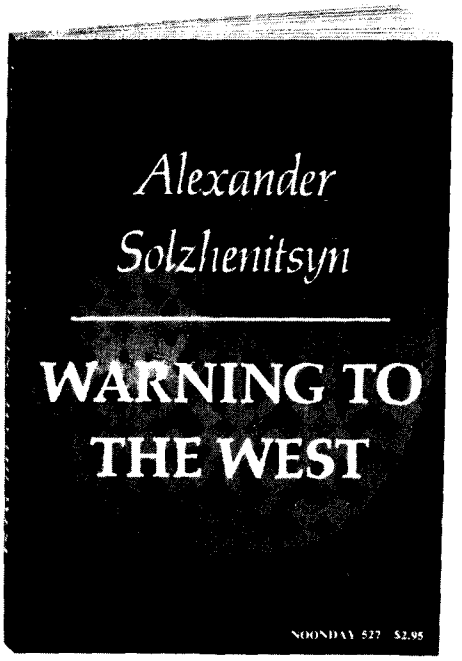


## "A Blow at the Solar Plexus"

— WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

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If you're already a Solzhenitsyn fan you'll welcome this addition to his available works. If you are not *yet* acquainted with this truly great man then there is no better way to find out why he *is* the man for our time than in this moving tribute to human freedom.

"Warning to the West" is a concise primer of Solzhenitsyn's thoughts on the Soviet threat and the moral decay of the West. It includes the complete texts of his major speeches in this country, as well as the whole of the famous BBC interview that so startled Britain that even Bernard Levin of The London Times was moved to write with unaccustomed fervor: ". . . by his courage he demonstrates that there is no weight in the universe great enough to crush . . . the human longing for freedom." And in this country, Bill Buckley was so impressed, he devoted his *Firing Line* TV show to re-running the entire interview for the benefit of American audiences.

In fact, it's hard to overrate Solzhenitsyn's impact. Malcolm Muggeridge goes so far as to call him "the greatest man now alive in the world" and this book will give you a good idea *why* he makes such a statement. As Lane Kirkland says in his foreword, "A principle of mechanics tells us that, given a long-enough lever, one man can move the entire world." Solzhenitsyn is putting that principle to the test. Will America listen? Will you?

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# Treasonable Thoughts — The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

THE CONNECTION between the Blunt affair and the issue of "theater" nuclear weapons for NATO would, I am sure, fascinate the originator of this column, as it fascinates his stand-in. The connection is psychological and calls for exploration.

The whole world now knows what previously was privileged gossip: that Professor Anthony Blunt, a distinguished art historian and advisor to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II on her collection of pictures, spied for Stalin's secret police. Unmasked in his seventies, Blunt explained that in the late 1930s his "conscience" told him to support the Soviet Union and that he gave precedence to that conscience over patriotism.

This explanation elicited from Lord Dacre (Professor Hugh Trevor-Roper, the historian of Hitler's last days) the crisp comment: "Damn Blunt's conscience."

## *If You Believe . . .*

The point is simply that what goes on in the minds of men and women, right or wrong, clear or muddled, emotive or intellectual, freely arrived at or under duress, is the ultimate stuff of politics. If you believe that the triumph of the world's first Leninist revolution is more important than the survival of liberal democracy in the Britain of the Thirties, you will serve Stalin instead of King George.

If you believe that it is possible to persuade the rulers of the totalitarian autocracy in Moscow to behave as though they were not totalitarian autocrats, to "limit" or even reduce the panoply of super-weapons with which they threaten the West's survival, then you would express the kind of views that were expressed by Mr. Willem Scholten when NATO's nuclear planning group met at The Hague on November 13.

Mr. Scholten was exercising his right of speech as Defense Minister of the Netherlands. He thought that no useful decision on U.S. plans to deploy tactical ("theater") nuclear weapons in Europe could be taken until after SALT II had been ratified by the Congress of the United States. Even then, he went on, the NATO countries should "test the temperature" on arms-reduction talks with the Soviets, and if such talks yielded positive results, there would be no need for the missiles after all.

Now I have no idea whether Mr. Scholten sincerely believes this appeasing nonsense, or whether he is merely expressing the collective view of the Dutch cabinet, but his attitude does remind me of the stance taken by a fellow countryman of his, Mr. Joot van Uyl, the former Prime Minister, at the Jerusalem conference on terrorism last July [see "The Protracted Conflict," August 3]. I don't think I'm doing Mr. van Uyl an injustice when I summarize his attitude thus: it is better not to notice that the Soviet Union is deeply involved in terrorism.

There are admittedly two views of survival. One is to say to Hitler that if he wants the Rhineland nobody is going to stop him, and if Austria and Czechoslovakia tempt him, he can go ahead, and meanwhile let us not rearm, for that way lies war. The end of that phase was World War II.

The other view, alas, has only intermittently prevailed in Western councils. It is a firm and realistic attitude, which called on the Western allies, after World War II, to tell Stalin to get out of Azerbaijan and which enabled President Truman to save Greece and Turkey in the late 1940s, and half, at any rate, of Korea in the early 1950s. It was the same attitude, incidentally, that caused President Nixon to proclaim his famous "nuclear alert" in 1973 and deter Brezhnev from sending Soviet troops to the Suez Canal Zone.

It is because Western leaders only occasionally opt for the second view that we are now in such a pickle.

My admiration for President Carter is limited. But on one point, I will give him his due. At the NATO summit in London in May 1977, Jimmy Carter said that the Soviet Union should be given one more chance to demonstrate that its interest in detente was sincere. This last chance was to be open for a year, and if the Soviets did not take it, then the U.S. would lead the West into a major rearmament program of its own.

In the exent, the President's qualified ultimatum has lasted a good deal more than a year, but at least he can say, 31 months later, that his Administration is at last pressing its allies to deploy the Pershing-2 and cruise missiles on their national soil. And at this belated moment of realism, we have to listen to Mr. Scholten wanting to give the Russians another last chance.

## *How Many Last Chances?*

How many more last chances can we expect to survive? Under cover of the SALT talks, the Russians installed SS-20s trained on European targets and went ahead with the Backfire bomber while Carter was canceling the B-1, and helped themselves to chunks of territory in the Caribbean, Africa, and South Asia while the President was talking about human rights.

On the eve of a possibly fateful NATO meeting on December 12, Moscow's durable Andrei Gromyko toured Western Europe, alternately threatening and cajoling (mainly the former). He told the Spaniards to stay out of NATO and the smaller members of the Alliance to go easy on Pershings if they wanted a longer life span. He was tough with the Germans in public and almost avuncular in private: How nice for world peace if the Germans thought of the blessings of nuclear-free reunification . . . Moscow raised the pitch of its attack on Mrs. Thatcher as the alleged warmonger of our time.

The words of Franz-Josef Strauss, candidate for the West German chancellorship next year, come as a tonic. He advocates unconditional acceptance of the new weapons on German soil, and does not, as Chancellor Schmidt does, make deployment conditional on acceptance by other NATO countries. Strauss's comment is worth re-quoting from his interview in the London *Times* of November 14: "If you are convinced that a medicine will save your life, do you say, 'I will take it only if my sister does too'?"

A Strauss-Thatcher partnership next year would be a reassuring thing, and perhaps a decisive break with the age of traitors and appeasers. □



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WHO'S NEXT?

# Another Captive Nations Week

LEV E. DOBRIANSKY

NEAR THE END of the Eisenhower Presidency, on July 17, 1959, Congress passed—and Eisenhower signed—a resolution, PL 86-90, assailing the "idea of peaceful coexistence" with a "Communist imperialism" that is responsible for the "enslavement of a substantial part of the world's population." The bill empowered the President of the United States to issue a proclamation designating the third week in July as Captive Nations Week "until such a time as freedom and independence shall have been achieved for all the captive nations of the world." That time has not yet come; and so, this past July, the U.S. observed the twentieth anniversary of the Captive Nations Week Resolution. The twentieth Captive Nations Week passed remarkably unnoticed.

Congress, it can fairly be said, did its part. In the days leading up to and following CNW, the *Congressional Record* teemed with addresses, proclamations, and reports of foreign observances of the week. (The largest observance of them all took place in Taiwan—where 100,000 people gathered to mark the occasion.) The governors of all the major states and the mayors of all the larger cities also did their part in proclaiming the week. There were parades in New York and Chicago and prayers in Texas churches. Yet all this activity provoked scant attention and aroused little enthusiasm in the country at large. Why didn't it have more impact?

In large measure, the answer—and the blame—lies in the timing and content of this year's presidential proclamation. On June 22 the Carter White House issued a statement of mesmerizing banality, guaranteed to offend nobody, least of all the captors of the captive nations. "Remembering our democratic heritage, and our commitment to human rights," read the most stirring passage in the Carter statement, "let us take this occasion to reaffirm our admiration for all the men and women around the world who are committed to the cause of freedom. And mindful of our own rich and diverse heritage, let us express our compassion and respect for persons around the world still seeking the realization of these ideals in our lands." The people of the captive nations were undoubtedly heartened by this ringing call to freedom. Yet Jimmy Carter is by no means the first President to have treated CNW more as a nuisance than as a duty.

Richard Nixon, in both his *Six Crises* and his recent *Memoirs*, displays a conspicuous lack of understanding. In the former he thought of the resolution as a "call for prayer"; in the latter he sees it as just "another captive nations resolution." It obviously never crossed his mind why PL 86-90 has been targeted by the Kremlin for special vituperation.

PRESIDENT FORD, who should have known better, may have lost the Presidency because of his ineptitude on the subject during the second debate in October 1976. All this and more is widely documented. It is little known, however, that George Kennan, William Fulbright, and Dean Rusk have exerted their influence over the years to circumvent PL 86-90, the latter two even seeking its rescission in Congress because it is "a thorn in the side of our foreign policy." Strange, isn't it?—Moscow, for its own reasons, views it as a thorn in the side of U.S.-Soviet relations. It is also interesting that most Soviet dissidents—Solzhenitsyn, Sakharov, Moroz, etc.—support PL 86-90.

CNW has been described variously as: "just remembering the captive nations," "a cold-war relic," "a ritualistic activity of ethnics and refugees in our society," "an irritant to Moscow," "a call for liberation that could lead to war." The pre-eminent fact is that the essence of PL 86-90 forms, on both historical and logical grounds, the core of a captive nations ideology which, if we were drawn into war with Moscow and its satraps, we would unquestionably adopt instinctively, if not rationally. Its prime asset, however, is to prevent such a war by alerting Americans to the global appetite of the last remaining major empire, the USSR.

The patent vulnerabilities of the Soviet empire-state are deep and should be cultivated. The captive nations ideology embraces not only an incontrovertible genetical analysis but an historically based logic of thought with a wide spectrum of policy considerations, from trade to the Olympics.

Here's the list maintained by the National Captive Nations Committee:

**THE CAPTIVE NATIONS**
*Country and Year of Communist Domination*
*(* denotes countries absorbed by USSR)*

| | |
|---|---|
| *Armenia | 1920 |
| *Azerbaijan | 1920 |
| *Byelorussia | 1920 |
| *Cossackia | 1920 |
| *Georgia | 1920 |
| *Idel-Ural | 1920 |
| *North Caucasia | 1920 |
| *Ukraine | 1920 |
| *Far Eastern Republic | 1922 |
| *Turkestan | 1922 |
| Mongolia | 1924 |
| *Estonia | 1940 |
| *Latvia | 1940 |
| *Lithuania | 1940 |
| Albania | 1946 |
| Bulgaria | 1946 |
| Poland | 1947 |
| Rumania | 1947 |
| Czechoslovakia | 1948 |
| North Korea | 1948 |
| Hungary | 1949 |
| East Germany | 1949 |
| Mainland China | 1949 |
| Tibet | 1951 |
| North Vietnam | 1954 |
| Cuba | 1960 |
| Cambodia | 1975 |
| South Vietnam | 1975 |
| Laos | 1975 |

And who's next? Nicaragua? Angola? Ethiopia? Afghanistan? Iran? Republic of China? South Korea? South Yemen? □

*Mr. Dobriansky, who helped draft the Captive Nations Resolution, is professor of economics at Georgetown University.*



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IRS v. CONGRESS

*The IRS would like all Americans to be employed by a few large corporations. That way all taxes would be withheld at the source. As for those who are self-employed, the IRS is plotting to take the joy out of being your own boss*

# Uncle Sam's War on the Independent Contractor

JOHN McCLAUGHRY

In May 1976 the Internal Revenue Service hinted to Reginald and Barbara Dwyer that they might be in trouble for nonpayment of certain taxes. The Dwyers, however, were not too concerned. After all, their small Vermont logging operation had been audited for 1969 and 1970, and the Internal Revenue Service had found nothing amiss. But unbeknown to the Dwyers, the IRS had instituted a massive policy change in the early 1970s, and the Vermont couple was fated to be among its most conspicuous victims.

To understand why the IRS picked on the Dwyers, it is necessary to understand how the small-scale contract logging system works—and has worked in rural New England for more than a century. First, a general logging contractor, like Reg Dwyer, acquires stumpage or logging rights to a woodlot. Then he arranges with several independent specialists to work together as a team to get the timber or cordwood out to the mill. The feller drops the tree and cuts off its limbs and top. The skidder hauls the trunks down to the collecting yard. He does this with horses, a bulldozer, or most commonly, nowadays, a large four-wheel-drive tractor called a skidder, which may cost as much as $80,000. When the skidder unhitches the trunks at the yard, they are cut into the right lengths by the next operator, the cutter. Finally the trucker, equipped with a large tractor-trailer and a hydraulic loader, loads the wood and hauls it to the mill.

Each of these specialists owns and maintains his own equipment, which includes chain saws, axes, peavies, pickup trucks, and—for the skidder and trucker—various pieces of heavy machinery. Each must rely on his own experience and judgment in planning his work. Each commonly maintains his own insurance—usually quite costly, since logging is hard and dangerous work. Each is paid by the general contractor on the basis of work performed—not on the number of hours worked.

This is the kind of traditional operation that Reg Dwyer is engaged in. One reason that it has persisted unchanged for over a century is that it recognizes the role of the independent worker. Yankee loggers place a high value on being their own bosses. They take pride in their ability to deal independently with others in the industry, rather than working as employees of some large timber corporation. Contracting permits them to work when they want to, and to go deer-hunting or snowmobiling when they want to. As the wife of one Vermont logger put it, "No employer would tolerate as much independence in his employees as these woodsmen have."

It is precisely this independence that is at issue between the IRS and the Dwyers. Soon after the IRS dropped its first hint, the Dwyers learned that they were to be audited for the tax years 1973, 1974, and 1975. In May 1977 the IRS announced that it had determined that the woodsmen who worked with Reg were in fact Reg's employees. Four months later, the IRS lowered the boom. An agent informed the Dwyers that they owed the government $18,500 in back taxes. This figure included withholding taxes, Social Security taxes, and unemployment taxes for all of Reg's fellow workers for the three tax years in question. The IRS would make no allowances for taxes actually paid by the other workers. It was simply determined to collect the full amount from Reg Dwyer.

The Dwyers, faced with the alternative of going out of business, hired a lawyer to fight the government. And Reg even started working in the woods alone, a dangerous practice. In June 1979, after two years of conferences, appeals, and lawyers' fees, the IRS gave in. It dropped the case against the Dwyers, who had had the spunk to fight back. Other Vermont loggers, however, are still under the IRS gun.

Independent loggers are not the only contractors under attack from the IRS. There are thousands more, in scores of different occupations across the country. Consider Junior Franklin, an Atlanta taxicab driver who owns and sometimes drives a large truck. At a truck terminal in Texas, Franklin had an unhappy experience with some men known as "lumpers," a name not without significance. Lumpers are men who hang around truck terminals and offer to unload or load arriving trucks. Independent truckers can rarely afford to pay others for work they can do themselves. Lumpers, however, are known to be exceedingly surly when their services are declined.

In Franklin's case, their surliness at his refusal to hire

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**The Maine lobstermen were among the first to feel the brunt of the IRS attack, and they fought back gallantly and successfully**

them left him in the hospital with multiple knife wounds.

In a somewhat belated effort to protect what was left of his internal organs, Franklin subsequently hired lumpers to unload and load his truck. The IRS classified the loaders as Franklin's employees, and slapped him with a $9,000 bill for unpaid taxes.

Nickey Moss, a barber in Decatur, Georgia, got caught in the same trap. Moss leased chairs in his barber shop to other independent barbers, using a lease that had been approved by the IRS District Office in Atlanta. Suddenly, in 1975, the IRS slapped liens on Moss's home and assets to force him to pay over $25,000 in assessments for barbers who had leased chairs in his shop in 1972, 1973, and 1974.

These are only a few examples of the tremendous breadth of the IRS's attack. Other occupations threatened by the new rules include home improvement, lobster and shrimp fishing, service stations, insurance selling, and real estate. What they all have in common, and what makes them the target of the IRS's attack, is that in each case the worker operates as an independent contractor rather than as an employee.

The cause for this concern by the IRS is a combination of three major factors, and the response of taxpayers to them. The first is the progressive income tax system. It is a maxim of tax policy—recently re-emphasized in discussion of the Laffer Curve—that the higher the rates, the more difficult it is to extract further tax revenues. Taxpayers may reduce their productive efforts rather than pay the higher taxes. They may shift their residence and activities to foreign countries. Or they may seek devices, not all of them legal, to evade the long arm of the tax collector.

The second factor, working along with the first, is inflation. As incomes rise, taxpayers move steadily upward into higher tax brackets. A worker whose income keeps exact pace with inflation will find himself ever more heavily taxed, as the higher brackets claim an increased proportion of his taxable income.

The third factor is the condition of the Social Security system. As Martha Derthick has pointed out in *The Public Interest* (Winter 1979):

> That Social Security suffered a "fiscal crisis" in the mid-1970s is well known to even the most casual observers of public affairs. Sophisticated observers can probably explain why: inflation caused benefits to increase faster than expected; unemployment caused revenues to fall behind what was expected; claims for disability payments were rising much faster than expected; a faulty benefit formula enacted in 1972 exaggerated the deficit in an irrational way, particularly over the long run; and a falling birth rate was changing the demography of the country with adverse future effects on the program.

Indeed, by the mid-1970s it had become apparent that the solvency of the present system of Social Security could be assured only by massive infusions of new revenues (either through higher payroll taxes or from general revenues); or by limiting benefits; or by blanketing into the system as many currently uncovered workers as possible, who would, for a number of years, pay more in than they would take out.

This combination of factors has produced an entirely predictable reaction from taxpayers. They don't want to pay. And they have devised assorted techniques for not paying. Many of these techniques fall under the heading of tax evasion, which is illegal. "Skimming," or pocketing business receipts without reporting them, is perhaps the most widely practiced evasion. Paying suppliers and workers in cash "off the books" often accompanies skimming, since it keeps expenses, payroll, and income in balance and thus diverts IRS suspicion.

The extent of this tax evasion is a matter of the deepest concern at the IRS. Economist Peter Gutmann of Baruch College, City University of New York, caused a national stir in late 1977 when he published an article describing a "subterranean economy" with a GNP he estimated conservatively at $176 billion, a sixth of the official GNP. While Gutmann's methodology has since come under serious attack, the existence of a growing subterranean economy has not been challenged. Irwin Ross, writing in the October 9, 1978 issue of *Fortune*, points out that the amount of money in circulation in the form of hundred-dollar bills rose by more than 250 per cent between the end of 1967 and mid-1978, while the total value of all outstanding currency rose by only 125 per cent. Ross strongly suspects that most of the increase resulted from a growing demand for large-denomination bills to make off-the-books payments.

IRS data support the existence of this trend. The IRS's Tax Compliance Measurement Program (TCMP) subjects fifty thousand randomly selected returns to exhaustive audit to try to locate unreported income. Between the TCMPs for

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1965 and 1973, the reporting rates for small proprietors (less than $10,000 adjusted gross income) fell from 79.2 per cent to 57.2 per cent. For medium-sized proprietors ($10,000 to $30,000 adjusted gross income), the rate dropped from 91.4 per cent to 86.8 per cent. And of course the "100 per cent" that this is based on is what the IRS auditors can establish as "true" income. There is bound to be income beyond the reach of even the most relentless auditor; if that were counted, the compliance rates would be even lower.

The Census Bureau also provides some corroboration of this trend. Every year the Bureau's Current Population Survey asks respondents about their sources of income. In 1972 the "no response" rate was only 10.2 per cent. By 1976 it had shot up to 19.5 per cent. Alarmed, the Census firmly instructed its interviewers to press for responses. In 1977 the new techniques brought the no-response rate down to 17.1 per cent, but by 1978 it had moved back up to 18.3 per cent. As Ross observes, "one can reasonably speculate that the growing reluctance of people to answer questions about income means that more and more families have something to hide."

Trying to levy taxes on this growing subterranean economy poses a very serious problem for the IRS. The guiding principle of the IRS is: "Withhold taxes at the source." The ideal situation for income-tax collection, from the IRS's point of view, would be a nation where all work was performed by employees of a relatively small number of corporations. The economy, however, seems to be moving in precisely the opposite direction. Since the early 1970s, the IRS has been grasping at every technique it can invent to force as many remunerative transactions as possible into a format where withholding by the payer can be enforced. This means that employer/employee relationships must be increased and independent contracting must be reduced to a minimum. As the General Accounting Office observed in a sharply critical 1977 study, "It appears that the IRS's approach to solve such non-compliance problems is to limit the number of self-employed persons instead of using the array of administrative mechanisms available to it."

As the Treasury readily admits, there are strong tax incentives to obtain independent-contractor status. These incentives exist for both employer and employee, leaving aside any intent to evade taxes illegally. An employer must withhold income taxes due from employees. This requires prompt payments into a special tax account at the bank, careful record-keeping, the filing of quarterly 941 forms, and the preparation and distribution of W-2 forms to the IRS and to employees at the end of each tax year. For small operators, such as Maine lobster-boat owners, the unfamiliar and complicated withholding requirements may necessitate the expense of a part-time bookkeeper.

More serious is the matter of FICA, the Federal Insurance Contributions Act, under which Social Security is financed. Where the employer/employee relationship exists, *each* party must pay 6.13 per cent of the employee's gross wages into the Social Security system, until the employee's earnings reach $22,900 for the year. For an employee earning $22,900 a year, the employer's 6.13 per cent share comes to $1,404, which is exactly $1,404 more than the employer's FICA liability for independent contractors he deals with. Self-employed persons pay Social Security under the Self-Employed Contributions Act (SECA). This act requires payment of 8.1 per cent of the first $22,900 of *net* earned income into the Social Security fund. The difference in income to the fund can be very substantial.

Then there is FUTA, the Federal Unemployment Tax Act. This act imposes on the employer a tax of 3.4 per cent of the first $6,000 of an employee's gross wages, with a credit of 2.7 per cent if the employer participates in an approved state employment-security program. This payment is not required for independent contractors, who are not eligible for unemployment payments. Both FICA and FUTA involve employers in still more record-keeping, deposit-making, and filing with the IRS.

Finally, the tax laws permit a self-employed person to create a "Keogh" or "HR 10" plan. Under such a plan, he may set aside annually—and deduct from current taxable income—up to 15 per cent of his income, or $7,500, whichever is less, for his eventual retirement. When he does retire, he may draw money out of the Keogh account, paying income taxes only at the lower rates that prevail for a person who is no longer actively earning income. If the self-employed contractor is reclassified as an employee, however, he may no longer maintain a Keogh Plan. Assuming the "employer" does not have a pension plan, the "employee" is limited to setting up an individual retirement account (IRA). Only $1,500 can be set aside annually in an IRA, one-fifth of the Keogh Plan amount.

The IRS has always been aware of these incentives to replace an employer/employee relationship with a contract relationship, but only in the 1970s did it begin to come down hard on those who claimed to be independent contractors. The Maine lobstermen were among the first to feel the brunt of the IRS attack, and they fought back gallantly and successfully. In fact, their counterattack has had implications for the tax system as a whole.



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Maine lobster-fishing, like small-scale contract logging in Vermont, follows a time-honored pattern. There is a boat owner and a "sternman." The owner operates the boat, while the sternman handles the fishing gear. The sternman has no investment in the boat itself, but he may occasionally own some of his own fishing gear. His compensation is an agreed fraction of the day's catch. Usually the catch is sold at the pier, and the proceeds are divided accordingly. The sternman may, however, take his share elsewhere for sale, or even eat it. Payments to a sternman are made in the sternman's name. The boat owner keeps no record of sternmen's earnings. If the catch fails to materialize, the sternman may work a long, hard day for nothing.

The IRS was well aware of this system prior to its 1973 crackdown. Over the previous twenty years a small number of sternmen had been randomly audited, and so long as the sternman met his SECA obligations, the IRS seemed satisfied. In 1973 and 1974, however, the IRS conducted a mass audit of sternmen for the tax years 1971 and 1972. The IRS demanded that boat owners and sternmen make retroactive payments of the FICA tax. In addition, the IRS used the most intimidating tactics it could come up with, hoping to cow the sternmen into abject compliance.

Auditors seemingly had no consistent standards to enforce. Instead, they accepted or rejected the taxpayers' evidence on whim. One auditor demanded information on tax years that were not subject to the audit. When the sternman, on his lawyer's advice, refused to provide the information unless a formal request was made for an audit of that year, the IRS man threatened to disallow business expenses for the years being audited if the information was not supplied. Another fisherman had been billed for FICA arrears and was waiting until the last day to mail in the payment. Before that day came, he learned from his bank statement that the IRS, without notifying him in any way, had already gone into his bank account and confiscated what it wanted.

A man who spends his life on the stormy ocean working with lobsters is not the sort of man one pushes around with impunity. The Maine Lobstermen's Association determined to fight back. The result was a special provision in the Tax Reform Act of 1976 that exempted lobstermen from FICA liability. More importantly, the IRS campaign against the lobstermen alerted Congress to the new IRS policy. The conference report on the 1976 tax bill requested that the Joint Committee on Internal Revenue Taxation prepare a comprehensive study on the independent-contractor problem. The conferees further requested that the IRS refrain from enforcing a new policy inconsistent with general audit policies for past tax years, until Congress could inject some badly needed certainty into the issue.

The IRS contemptuously refused to comply with this pointed congressional suggestion. As Representative Leon Panetta (D., Calif.), one of the champions of the independent contractors, stated in 1978: "The IRS has chosen to take it upon itself to reverse nearly thirty years of established judicial opinions and Treasury Department guidelines concluding that insurance agents, real-estate salespersons, beauticians, barbers, and others are in fact self-employed independent contractors. This attack was unexpected and contrary to the express directions of the Congress."

Over two centuries ago Adam Smith trenchantly stated the principle that, in order to be just, a tax system must be perfectly clear to the taxpayers. In a 1977 report on the independent-contractor problem, the General Accounting Office pointedly noted that "the laws defining who is an employee for tax purposes are uncertain, unclear, and subject to conflicting interpretations."

The Internal Revenue Code defines "employee" as "any individual who, under the usual common-law rules applicable in determining the employer/employee relationship, has the status of an employee." What this might mean with respect to a Vermont logger or a Maine lobsterman is, to put it mildly, open to question. To apply this nebulous standard, the IRS focuses on the power of one party to direct and control the activities of another. Twenty common-law "questions" have been compiled by the IRS to shed light on the extent of such control. Among them are questions relating to the extent of integration of activities, methods of payment, furnishing of tools, grounds for dismissal, worker's liability for failure to complete the work, and opportunity of the worker to earn a profit or suffer a loss. The number and imprecision of the common-law rules have necessarily led to a wide divergence of interpretations by IRS agents, as well as by taxpayers, who are less skilled at this game. The breadth of the IRS's relentless search for revenues made certain that an equally broad constituency of angry taxpayers would urge Congress to take remedial action.

That constituency began to unite during the 95th Congress. A 13-industry coalition came into being, and a spate of bills was introduced to cope with the problem. The determination of the congressional sponsors was fortified—and their ranks enlarged—when the IRS again refused to

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**The IRS appeared before the Rangel task force, guns blazing. It uncompromisingly opposed letting anyone off the hook for past liabilities**

stay the new policies with respect to loggers and insurance agents despite appeals from influential congressmen of both parties.

Senator Robert Dole (R., Kan.) took the lead in the Senate. Over the strenuous objections of the Treasury, Dole won a 14 to 1 endorsement of his IRS bill by the Senate Finance Committee in August of 1978. The Dole bill enjoined the IRS from changing its policy from what it had been at the end of 1975, and it mandated the recognition of independent-contractor status for persons who had been so treated in the past as a result of cases, revenue rulings, IRS audits, traditional industry practices, or the taxpayer's own long-standing practices. The Senate accepted the Dole proposal as an amendment to what became the Revenue Act of 1978.

Meanwhile, a coalition of Representatives led by Panetta and Richard Gephardt (D., Mo.) was pressing for similar House action. Under strong pressure from Treasury to resist proposals like Dole's, the chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, Al Ullman (D., Ore.), named a special task force, headed by Representative Charles Rangel (D., N.Y.), to report to the full committee.

The IRS appeared before the Rangel task force, guns blazing. It was uncompromisingly opposed to letting anyone off the hook for past liabilities. It demanded that any congressionally mandated suspension of current audits and collections extend only to January 1, 1979, just a few months away. In short, the IRS's goal was, at all costs, to hold the ground it had already won.

At first, the IRS appeared to have persuaded a bare majority of the seven-member task force of the wisdom of its arguments. But as deliberations continued, sentiment began to shift. A key ingredient in that shift was reference to the IRS's scornful disregard for the 1976 conference committee request. Members of the task force began to recognize that the IRS was mounting a direct challenge to the authority of Congress to make law. As the meetings proceeded, the IRS lost its narrow majority. Ultimately it lost the support of all seven task-force members.

The Rangel task force recommended an interim solution with two principal parts, quite similar to the provisions of the Dole amendment. One part was an amnesty for taxpayers who had been assessed retroactively for tax liabilities, provided they had some reasonable basis for claiming independent-contractor status. Three "safe-haven" conditions were set forth: a) judicial rulings, IRS technical advice, letter rulings, or published rulings supportive of the taxpayer's position; b) a past IRS audit which accepted the taxpayer's position; and c) the "long-standing recognized practice of a significant segment of the industry." The second part of the plan prohibited the Treasury from making any new rulings or regulations on the subject before 1980. It was expected that Congress would, in the intervening year, be able to define policy in this area.

The Rangel recommendations were enacted into law without serious objection. The only dissent came from Representative James A. Burke (D., Mass.), who, as chairman of the Ways and Means panel on Social Security financing, expressed alarm at the reduction of FICA payments into the slowly sinking Social Security fund.

As of early 1979, then, the issue was in a state of temporary suspension. Congress had enjoined the IRS from further implementation of its get-the-independent-contractor policy until 1980. Meanwhile, Congress had taken on the responsibility for producing a new law which could define the employer/employee relationship with the requisite degree of clarity and satisfactorily roll back the IRS attack on independent contractors.

On March 22, Gephardt introduced his bill (HR-3245), based on the recommendations of the 1977 GAO study. Gephardt's bill offers independent contractors a "safe harbor." If they can meet the five tests set forth, they qualify as independent contractors and not as employees. If they are unable to satisfy one or more of the five tests, then their status will be determined by application of the present common-law tests.

THE FIRST of Gephardt's tests is control of hours worked. If the worker is free to decide when, how long, and how hard he works, the test is met. The second point hinges on whether the worker provides his own place of business, or whether the place of business is determined or provided by the party for whom the work is done. The third test is a genuine risk of income fluctuation, and a risk that worker-owned assets (trucks, equipment, materials, tools, etc.) may sit idle when work is scarce. The fourth test requires a written work contract, including notice to the worker of his tax responsibilities as a self-employed person. Finally, the Gephardt bill requires that the person for whom the work is performed must file information returns on the relationship, to aid the IRS in enforcement. Senator Dole offered a companion measure (S-726) in the Senate three weeks later.

The IRS has remained adamantly opposed to the Gephardt-Dole initiative. Its position—aggressively presented to congressional committees throughout the summer of 1979—is clear: it demands a flat 10 per cent withholding of payments to purported independent contractors. These funds would in effect be held hostage to assure full payment of taxes in case the IRS determines that an employer/employee relationship exists.

In early September, the IRS bolstered its position by releasing a study claiming that anywhere from $75 to $100 billion goes untaxed each year, resulting in a tax loss of from $12.8 to $17.1 billion. Of this unreported taxable income, the IRS claims that from 39 to 44 per cent is due to under-reporting by self-employed persons operating as independent contractors. The IRS's figures (based on data for tax year 1976) show that self-employed persons have unreported income equal to 60 to 64 per cent of their reported income.

*(Continues on page 1641)*



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SALT AND THE SOVIET THREAT

*As a consequence of its own actions over the last two years, there is no convincing basis for Administration claims of U.S.-USSR strategic parity. Only by withholding information will the Administration be able to get SALT passed*

# Mr. Carter's Information Gap

JAKE GARN

In February 1978, Secretary of Defense Harold Brown released the first Carter Administration posture statement on defense programs (*Annual Defense Report for FY 1979*). In general, the Brown statement is a sort of modified throwback to 1960s strategic thinking; but it has one particularly disturbing aspect: it is reasonably clear that the statement represents an attempt by the Carter Administration to obtain congressional ratification of a SALT II agreement by denying the general public information concerning Soviet strategic programs.

Secretary Brown's 1978 report informs us that as of January 1, 1978 the Soviets had 1,400+ ICBMs and 900+ SLBMs. This style of approximate figures represents a rather dramatic departure. For many years the Department of Defense has annually released the *exact* number of Soviet ICBMs and SLBMs. Why the sudden change? Could it be that the total number of Soviet ICBMs and SLBMs was above the SALT I limit?

In mid-1976 there was a flurry of press reports that the Soviets had not dismantled a sufficient number of SS-7 and SS-8 ICBMs to meet their obligations under the Interim Agreement on Strategic Offensive Forces of the SALT I Accords. These reports were officially confirmed by the State Department in 1978. Could it be that the Soviets have been in consistent violation of the agreement for almost two years? Is the new policy on reporting numbers of Soviet strategic systems designed to prevent irrefutable evidence of this (a combined ICBM/SLBM number of above 2,450 would constitute such evidence) from coming to the public's attention? It is interesting to note that the exact numbers were again released in 1979 when they finally added up to the SALT totals.

## *Speak No Evil*

Since the signing of SALT I in May 1972, there have been over 15 allegations of Soviet SALT violations, involving such things as illegal deployment of ABM radars, production of heavy ICBMs, interference with "national technical means of verification," construction of new silos, and various activities related to the upgrading of bomber defense missiles (SAMs) to ABMs. In not a single instance has the U.S. Government taken the initiative in bringing these activities to the attention of the American people. The allegations were all made public by concerned former officials, or "whistleblowers."

The evidence now suggests that the Carter Administration is not only continuing this policy, but expanding it to include information concerning the development of new Soviet weapons systems.

The last thing the Administration desires is a full and fair congressional probe of the violations issue. Such a probe, it apparently hopes, can be averted by denying the public information. While unable to suppress leaks completely, the Administration may believe leaks are less of a threat than official acknowledgment of Soviet actions that would seem to be in violation of the agreements.

In its reports to Congress, the Carter Administration has failed to make direct comparison between U.S. and Soviet strategic forces in terms of important indicators of strategic capability—missile throw-weight, number of warheads, and equivalent megatons. Perhaps one of the most revealing illustrations of the evolution of the strategic balance was released by the Ford Administration in 1976. This chart (Figure 1) is based on "Best Estimates" issued by the National Intelligence Estimate, which Dr. Albert Wohlstetter has convincingly demonstrated has almost always been low in its estimates of the Soviet threat. About one-tenth of the U.S. missiles assumed on the chart will be phased out by 1981. Also, U.S. programs such as Trident and the Minuteman III modernization have slipped significantly since its publication. The ratios are thus even worse now than those indicated on the chart, but the ones there are alarming enough.

A number of other 1976 Ford Administration projections are now out of date owing to the Carter decision to cancel the B-1 bomber and drastically reduce funding for the MX ICBM. While the Carter Administration has never commented on the specific impact of the cuts, the B-1 cancellation alone probably reduces the power of programmed U.S. strategic forces by 40 to 50 per cent in warheads and destructive power. President Carter never told the American people that the Ford Administration planned on hundreds of B-52s carrying cruise missiles and that the B-1s might have carried them also. The MX program as funded by Ford would

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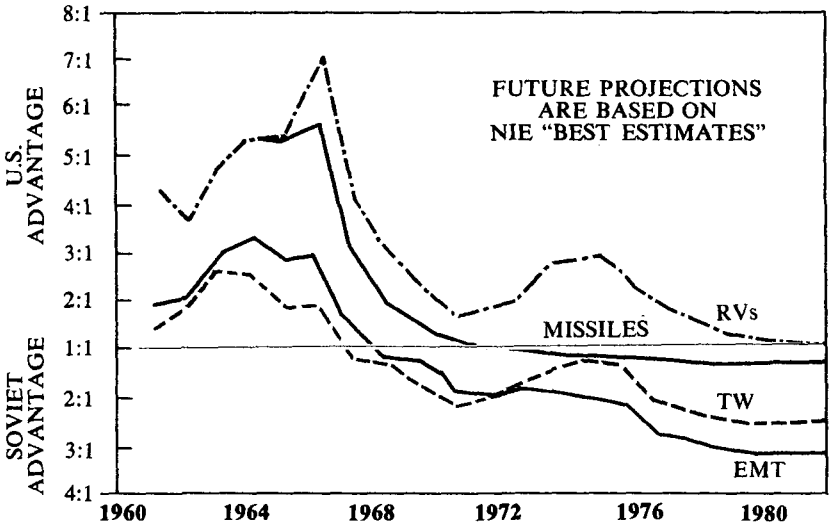
have about doubled the capability of the U.S. ICBM force by the mid-1980s.

Even with these systems, the strategic balance as projected in 1977 for the mid-1980s did not look particularly good, as illustrated by the charts in Figure 2. If they were redrawn today, the U.S. line would be even less favorable. In the one important area not shown, the number of warheads, the U.S. advantage would disappear by 1985, when the Soviets, who in 1977 had half as many warheads as the U.S., would have caught up.

We are very unlikely to get any update on these figures, at least voluntarily, from the Carter Administration. As a consequence of its own actions over the last two years, there is no convincing basis for Administration claims of strategic parity. Only by withholding information on the Soviet threat will the Administration have any chance of pushing through its arms-control initiatives.

*Figure 1*

**U.S./USSR STRATEGIC-MISSILE ADVANTAGE**




## *Testing, Testing*

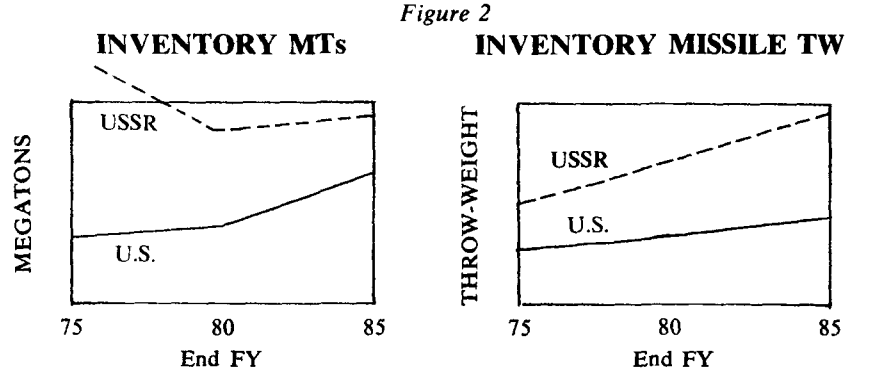
A number of recent press reports of Soviet developments that are relevant to SALT II do not appear in either of Secretary Brown's statements of U.S. strategic posture. These include: the testing of a new, more accurate version of the SS-18 ICBM, the largest of the new Soviet systems; a new, more accurate version of the SS-19; the development, in violation of the ABM treaty, of new, giant phase array ABM radars; and the development of a very large and capable high-acceleration ABM interceptor missile. The Administration has acknowledged the development of a very rapidly deployable ABM system. The radar from this system was deployed near Vladivostok, in a possible violation of the ABM treaty. The research and development on ABM systems, the radar deployment, and the upgrading of SAMs suggest a possible future abrogation of the ABM treaty. Even worse, they suggest that the Soviets are covertly deploying a nationwide ABM system.

The Carter Administration wants at all costs to prevent a full congressional investigation of the ABM issue. This is why the Administration handled the ABM review conference of 1977 in such a low-key fashion. The confirmation or denial of these press reports is critical to any evaluation of the SALT II treaties.

As long as the Carter Administration uses secrecy to defend its SALT policies, it will be seeking 5 or 10 per cent solutions to 100 per cent problems. Defense cutbacks since 1977 mean that there will be no significant improvement in U.S. strategic forces until perhaps 1982. By that time, the Soviets will have completed their deployment of the current MIRVed ICBMs, deployed a significant force of MIRVed SLBMs, introduced advanced air-defense weapons, continued their large-scale civil-defense blast-shelter construction program, and possibly deployed most of the key elements of a nationwide ABM system.

The principal problem we now face is the massive Soviet throw-weight advantage—an advantage they gained through the deployment of SS-17 and SS-19 ICBMs, which is illegal under any reasonable interpretation of the Interim Agreement on Strategic Offensive Forces. These new Soviet missiles have throw-weights of 7,000 to 8,000 pounds, compared to the 1,500-pound throw-weight of the pre-SALT I SS-11 Mod 1. Indeed, the Ford Administration went so far as to admit that certainly the SS-19, and possibly the SS-17, qualified as "heavy" missiles—which are illegal under the SALT I Interim Agreement. In a most unfortunate interpretation of the SALT treaty, then-Secretary of State Henry Kissinger declared, "I think it is at least open to question whether the United States can

*Figure 2*



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# M A R T E L L

# O G N A C

IT'S TIME TO UNWRAP SOME OF THIS YEAR'S SURPRISES.

WHAT BETTER OCCASION TO EXPERIENCE THE WORLD'S FINEST COGNAC—MARTELL.

AFTER ALL, MARTELL COGNAC HAS HELPED MAKE EVENINGS MEMORABLE SINCE 1715.

V.S.P., V.S.O.P., CORDON BLEU.

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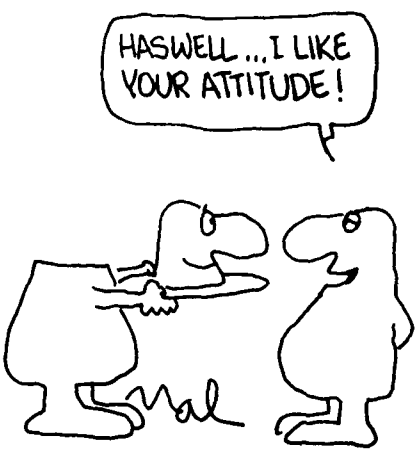

*"I see they settled on a toxic waste disposal site."*

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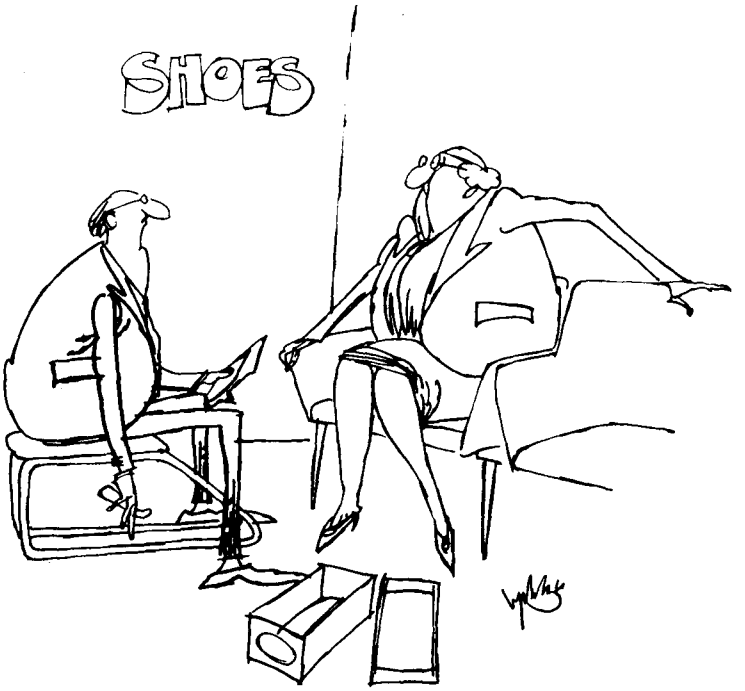
## Iranian Fallout

A purple cow I'll never see
Or poems lovely as a tree,
But I began to zig and zag
When Berkeley students waved the flag.

W. H. VON DREELE




*"That's a size three, but I had to curl your toes under."*

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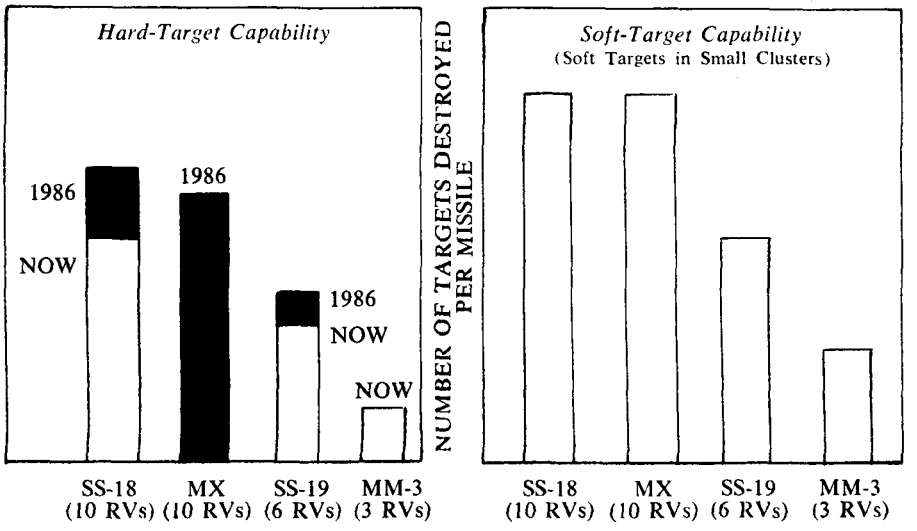
*Figure 4*

**COMPARISON OF MISSILE MILITARY CAPABILITIES**




hold the Soviet Union responsible for its own [i.e., the United States'] statements when the Soviet Union has asserted that it does not accept that interpretation." This policy has never been repudiated by the Carter Administration. In effect, it is a license to the Soviets to exploit any loophole in current or future agreements.

While the SALT negotiations are a classic example of how not to negotiate an agreement, no agreement, no matter how carefully drafted, can anticipate every potential problem. The traditional response to problems that do arise in international relations has been the diplomatic protest. However, given Secretary Kissinger's interpretation, the Soviets can be held accountable only for violations so gross that they would probably signify a substantial Soviet military buildup in the near future.

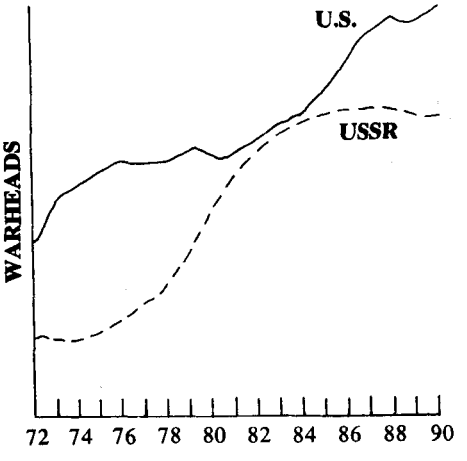
In 1972, the Nixon Administration convinced itself that even a bad agreement was acceptable because the Soviets would live within the "spirit" of the agreement. Indeed, John Newhouse in his quasi-official history of SALT, *Cold Dawn*, observed that the agreement was a little "vague and incomplete, lacking, for example, a definition of what constitutes a 'heavy' missile . . . Still," he went on, "any violation of the spirit of this language, let alone the letter, would probably oblige the United States to withdraw from the agreements. Moscow understands that." Now we hear President Carter saying essentially the same thing.

What Moscow has come to understand is that short of an absolutely clear violation of critical strategic significance, the government of the United States will first suppress the information, and then, if it is leaked to the press, rationalize what the Soviets have done. As a House Select Committee on Intelligence reported in 1976, the intelligence community has been ordered not to report SALT violations in print. This bodes ill for the future. It will mean that technical intelligence issues will become increasingly determined by politicians and not by technicians.

As an example of SALT I violations, take the case of the SS-19. More than anything else, the decision on the part of the Carter Administration to minimize this violation has made the SALT II process ineffective. The pre-SALT I "light" Soviet ICBM, the SS-11, had nearly 12 per cent of the destructive potential of the SS-9, the pre-SALT "heavy." The SS-19 has almost as much destructive potential as some versions of the SS-9, and 60 per cent of the destructive potential of the post-SALT "heavy," the SS-18.

*Figure 3*

**TOTAL WARHEADS ON-LINE FORCES**




## *Weapon or Sitting Duck*

According to Secretary of Defense Brown, "We believe that the SS-19, because of its combination of accuracy and yield, is currently the most capable of the three newer missiles." He also tells us that "Minuteman vulnerability was not a problem created by SALT, nor is it a problem we can solve with a SALT II agreement." What he didn't tell us was that Minuteman vulnerability was in large part due to the deployment of the SS-17 and SS-19, and that the rationale of the Administration's retreat from its early demand for a 50 per cent cut in the Soviet SS-18 force was that it did not make any difference —the SS-19s by themselves would have the capability to destroy the entire Minuteman force. If SALT I, as it was initially advertised that it would do, had really prevented a dramatic upgrading of the Soviet light ICBM force, SALT II might well have permitted Minuteman to survive at least into the 1990s.

The Carter Administration is now parading the cruise missile as a superweapon that will somehow correct the strategic balance and prevent the Soviets from gaining the advantage under SALT II. Yet, no existing weapon is wrapped in as much uncertainty as the cruise missile. The air-launched cruise missile (the only one now scheduled for procurement), to be carried by B-52s,



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faces a) B-52 pre-launch vulnerability, b) long-range interception of the old B-52 carriers prior to missile launch, and c) vulnerability of the cruise missile itself to electronic countermeasures and interception by advanced interceptors and surface-to-air missiles.

## *Public's Right to Know*

The cruise missile deserves thorough congressional study. The American people have a right to know what information was available to Mr. Carter when he made the decision to cancel the B-1 – not just what has been ginned up subsequently by the bureaucracy to support his decision. The overdependence on cruise-missile capabilities in a SALT II environment is a matter of serious concern. Right now, the Administration has funded neither a follow-on ICBM, capable of deployment before 1986, nor a strategic bomber. Furthermore, it has not financed Trident submarine construction fast enough to maintain the size of our SLBM force into the 1990s. Current Administration claims that the strategic balance is being maintained depend almost completely on the superb performance of the cruise missile; rarely does the performance of any weapon system match expectations.

The Soviets are clearly working on the development of large radar-carrying AWACs aircraft and fighters with a "look-down shoot-down" capability. At a minimum, the development of such weapons will force the launch of cruise missiles at considerable distances from Soviet borders. This means that a significant percentage of high-value targets in the Soviet hinterlands will not be covered. Targets protected by the new highly capable SA-X-10 Soviet surface-to-air missile may be almost immune to cruise-missile attack. At the very least so many cruise missiles would have to be targeted that the number of cruise missiles in the force would not be a good indication of their contribution to our strategic deterrent. Against some deep, heavily defended targets we may have nothing more than a handful of ancient B-52s with penetration capabilities that are lessening dramatically.

On the subject of Soviet civil defense we have seen attempts at both information suppression and sugar-coating. Nevertheless, there are some important revelations in Secretary Brown's *Annual Defense Report*. We are told that there are over 100,000 full-time workers in the Soviet Civil Defense program, and that its objective is the "protection of the majority of that population by means of shelters in basements and subways, but mostly by evacuation from major urban centers." The primary goals of the program, Secretary Brown reports, are the protection of the key government and military leadership, key workers, food supplies, and essential equipment. In fact, significant shift of emphasis occurred in the program in the late 1960s and early 1970s with the construction of blast shelters for the political and military leadership and for the key industrial workers. We are assured, of course, by Secretary Brown that this will not affect our retaliatory capability.

Secretary Brown relates that the Soviets have enough blast shelters for 15 per cent of their urban population, and that most of these shelters have been built since 1968. What he didn't tell us is that in the so-called period of detente the Soviets built enough blast shelters nationwide to house the equivalent of the population of their fifty largest cities. He also did not tell us that the SLBMs we depend on so much for deterrence have little or no capability to destroy any type of hard target.

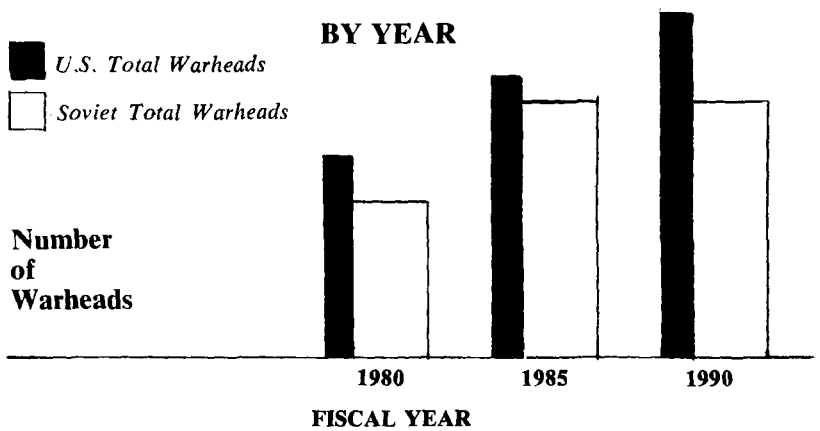
In spite of the very clear move backward to former Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara's "Assured Destruction" strategy, we have none of the traditional McNamara estimates of how many fatalities we are supposed to be able to inflict. Perhaps the reason is that the numbers are now frighteningly low. McNamara simply ignored Soviet civil defense. Secretary Brown now faces facts he cannot ignore.

Assured Destruction numbers were always calculated on a worst-case basis. Worst-case calculations, which presuppose some warning to the Soviet population and none to Americans, now show that about 20 per cent of the Soviet population would be killed in a nuclear war, compared to at least 60 per cent of the U.S. population. Secretary Brown cannot announce any such conclusions without being forced to take compensatory measures (civil defense or greater offensive forces)—something the Carter Administration is not willing to do. His only alternative seems to be the suppression of that which is most disquieting and a sugar-coating of the rest.

During the SALT II hearings the Carter Administration has consistently refused to release accurate projections of the strategic balance during the 1980s. What has been released has raised questions even in the minds of supporters of the treaty such as Senator Charles Percy. Percy remarked, when presented with a projection of the strategic balance by Secretary of Defense Harold

*Figure 5*

**TOTAL FORCE MEASURE COMPARISON BY YEAR**




The width of each bar is proportional to the average equivalent megatonnage per warhead so that the area in each bar is proportional to total equivalent megatonnage.



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Brown (Figure 3), that, "I would be astounded if in 1985 that chart proved to be an accurate forecast of what the Soviets will be doing." Note, on the chart, that Secretary Brown assumes that the Soviets will not fully exploit their options under SALT II and yet that in the absence of SALT II they will deploy thousands of additional warheads. These assumptions are obviously not consistent.

On a number of occasions the Carter Administration has attempted to argue that the MX, with less than half the payload of the Soviet SS-18, will be the equal of the SS-18 and its follow-on missiles in both hard- and soft-target kill potential—a physical near-impossibility. Secretary Brown offered charts on these factors too (Figures 4 and 5). Note, in Figure 4, that the SS-18 should actually have two or three times the yield of the MX warhead. Obviously, Secretary Brown is assuming they will have about the same yield. In Figure 5, note that the Soviet advantage in equivalent megatons (total blast potential of the force) is almost 3 to 1, but is presented in such a manner that it will be barely noticeable.

The Carter Administration has thus far chosen not to release memos written over the years by the Joint Chiefs of Staff on the content of the SALT II treaty because these memos show that the Joint Chiefs of Staff have consistently opposed the main features of the SALT II treaty, and that their views were mainly disregarded by the SALT negotiators. The Carter Administration has failed to provide the Senate with the actual negotiating record on the critical ambiguities and "loopholes" in the SALT II accord. As General Edward Rowny, the former SALT representative of the Joint Chiefs of Staff who retired from the Army in June, has pointed out on a number of occasions, there is some difference between what purports to be a summary of the negotiating record by the Carter Administration and what actually went on. For example, statements by low-level Soviet negotiators at drafting sessions, which have no legal significance, were presented to the U.S. Senate to create the impression of agreement where no agreement exists.

With the exception of a limited amount of new information concerning Soviet civil defense, the Carter Administration in its recent presentations to Congress has released little that was not released by the Ford Administration. The absence for three years of essential information concerning the Soviet threat is not yet critical in evaluating that threat or the strategic implications of SALT and other arms control proposals. But if this policy is continued over the next few years, there will be a critical difference between the reality of the Soviet threat and what is described in official presentations to the public. □

# Why Wasn't the Panama Canal Brought to Florida?

THE PITY of it is that the bitter national debate last year and the renewed controversy this year over the Panama Canal Treaty could have been avoided if the canal simply had been dug up, brought to the United States, and put across Florida.

Getting it to Florida would have been no problem. It could have been towed. After all, there has been talk for years of towing gigantic icebergs from Antarctica to places that need water. If you can tow an iceberg, you can tow a canal. They're both water, aren't they? Besides, since the canal has been tugged over for years anyway, it's used to it. Just call the three As.

Or we could have helicoptered it home. Think of the publicity. The sight of the flying Panama Canal would have got more stares than the Goodyear Blimp.

"Look, Maw, there goes the Panama Canal!"

"You go put your raincoat on this very minute!"

How we got the thing here isn't really important. Any country that put the London Bridge in Arizona could certainly put the Panama Canal in Florida. Think what a tourist attraction we would have had if we'd moved the bridge to Florida and put it over the Canal, especially if we ran the Canal through Disney World. Consider the sales of Salt Canal Taffy alone!

Or, being more imaginative, is there any reason why a canal, any canal, has to stay *flat*? If the Disney people could have got the thing to stand up on one end, they would have made a million. And if they could have got it to lean some . . .

"Maw, can we go up the Panama Canal?"

"If we can afford the toll, dear."

ON THE OTHER hand, there's something to be said for not having had it put in Florida. People in places like Nevada or Arizona or New Mexico would have paid plenty to have had a nice wet canal running through part of their state in the summer. Does a canal really have to *go* someplace?

For that matter, why does a canal always have to run through land? Is there any good reason why it can't run through water? If we had hooked it up to the end of the Erie Canal and run it across Lake Erie to Detroit, it would have made millions. If it were longer, we could have run it across the whole country. The trouble with that, though, is that it would have bisected America.

Of course, taking a chance in dividing America, we could have made it longer. Once it stretched from sea to shining sea, it would have given Amtrak a run for its money, you can be sure. Take a slow boat to Nebraska. See America from a porthole. Watch a new crop of Tom Sawyers and Huck Finns gamboling down by the old canal stream.

No matter where we would have put it, though, many Panamanians would have still called it the "Panama Canal in America." "Don't give it away!" they would have shouted. There would have been nothing but trouble, you can be sure, from those explosive, irrational Panamanians and their death-before-dishonor machismo—traits that the logical and orderly American finds so difficult to understand. —JOHN KEEFAUVER



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LETTER FROM LONDON

# On the Side of Liberty

THE SPECTATOR, having quite recently been a very bad magazine, is at present a very good one For that Mr. Alexander Chancellor, its editor, and Mr. Henry Keswick, its proprietor, both of whom took over last year, deserve much praise.

*The Spectator* today plays a very important part in the most interesting intellectual movement of our times. Just as the *New Statesman* was the leading intellectual magazine of the movement of collectivism in the 1930s and 1940s, so now *The Spectator* is the leading intellectual magazine of the movement away from collectivism in the 1970s

Only a decade ago a majority of the best political writers in Britain were still socialist, or at least were broadly in sympathy with the collectivist, statist, egalitarian philosophy of the Labor Party. There were indeed good writers who supported the individualist line, and others in sympathy with the heavily qualified individualism of the Conservative Party of that time. Yet the balance of writers was still certainly on the Left. Now the opposite is the truth. It is easy for an editor to find good, lively, interesting anti-socialist writers, and much harder to find socialist writers of any mental vitality at all.

## The Gas Has Gone

The comparison between the present-day *Spectator* and *New Statesman* is instructive. In an average issue of *Spectator* there will be four or five intellectually stimulating articles, written with energy as well as originality; their political tone is not in a party sense Conservative, but it is anti-collectivist, hostile to the socialist corporate state. In the *New Statesman* there is little of this feeling of imaginative vitality; there is sometimes interesting information, as there is sometimes interesting information in government White Papers, but so far as intellectual vitality is concerned, the gas has now gone out of the bag.

Most of the writers who make up this movement started as supporters of the Labor Party, and have now left it. Not all, because some were never Labor supporters, and some still are, though their ideas are opposed to most of those of traditional Fabian Socialism. This is not itself a conservative movement but a movement of radicals, of people whose instinct is to challenge, rather than to acquiesce. Its characteristic figures are men like Mr. Paul Johnson, Mr. Bernard Levin, or Mr. Woodrow Wyatt, all of whom enjoy a good fight. It is also basically libertarian rather than hierarchical; it springs from the English political tradition of Locke and Liberty rather than that of Burke and Community. It has more sympathy for Mrs. Thatcher and her libertarian views than it does for the Conservative Party, *per se*, an inversion of the normal cozy order of preference of the natural conservative for a quiet life.

It is notable too that this is a group led by writers; its writers are more striking than its academic intellectuals or its politicians. Professor Hugh Thomas is a writing professor; Paul Johnson is more important a loss to socialism as a writer than Mr. Reg Prentice, as a politician, though Mr. Prentice has shown an important quality of political integrity. Academics represent the analytical power of the mind, politicians create events through acts of will, but writers bring together thought and feeling, and it is feeling which socialism has most deeply offended. The British socialist state, the historic compromise of Sir Harold Wilson, is doomed to disappear because it is felt by too many people to be a hateful way to run their affairs, not merely because they have become convinced it is intellectually mistaken. There is something deeply repulsive about it, an insult to the free person.

Good writers act as early-warning indicators of the national mood: the left-wing writers of the 1930s presaged the national mood of the 1940s. Obviously writers influence national opinion, but they are also sensitive to its earliest impressions. When in a political debate most of the best writers have crossed the floor, the outlook for the party they leave is a poor one, though it will always retain a few writers as its old allies. It is now the writers of the Left establishment that have the appearance of being retreads, bouncing along with synthetic rubber stretched over the tired canvas.

This movement of opinion has also been reflected among economic writers. Mr. Peter Jay, before he left for Washington, and Mr. Samuel Brittan of the *Financial Times* did much to introduce and popularize the free-market and monetarist economic ideas which had been revived and developed in the United States. The Institute of Economic Affairs has risen from being regarded as a marginal source of free economic propaganda to being a powerful center of new ideas. Again it is the old orthodoxy which is in decay; who can read Professor Galbraith without being astonished that we too once thought as he does now?

## Against Collectivism

Of course this movement of opinion is not confined to Britain, but is more or less worldwide. Proposition 13, and the new seriousness of the Republican challenge in the United States, where the libertarian cause is now attracting good young men and not only rich ones, are comparable developments. In Britain, however, we have gone farther into collectivism and are reacting against what we have seen and experienced. The society that was shaped in those Wilson years, and was continued under James Callaghan, is unproductive and claustrophobic. It has set in train the strongest liberal reaction, asserting the rights of the individual against the state, that Britain has experienced since the early nineteenth century. The new writers are in alliance with the new economists as the advocates of the British right to liberty. □

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THE OLDEST PROFESSION

# THE HONEST MAN'S *Guide to Plagiarism*

JOHN GREENWAY

THE CREPUSCULAR activity of plagiarism is roughly half as old as civilization. There is hardly a motif in primitive myth that does not approach universality, despite the modern supposition that distances and earthly obstacles made trade and theft impossible in the Old Stone Age.

One could make a tenable case that plagiarism as we know it began as an ecclesiastical crime. The early Fathers of the Church, rejected gospellers, in fact every cleric who could put pen to parchment ignored the Eighth Commandment. Even Christianity itself took its best myths from its rival proletarian religion, Mithraism. When sermons intruded into the Mass, the first great literary trade—sermon-stealing—arose immediately and has thriven for nearly two thousand years without congregations' being aware that their priests' eloquence was swotted out of source books.

Plagiarism was so common in the churches by the time of King James that he had to order that at least one sermon a month be original. When, eventually, the practice was officially condemned, the practitioners merely aggravated the sin with an alloy of hypocrisy. Bishop Conyers Middleton in the eighteenth century excoriated plagiarism, though his own high reputation as a biographer of Cicero rested on what he stole from William Bellenden. At the same time, the Reverend William Innes was appointed Rector of Wrabness for writing a book on *Moral Virtue* out of a manuscript he borrowed from his friend the Reverend A. Campbell.

But it didn't start with Christendom. Vergil, Demosthenes, Sophocles, Aeschines, Isocrates, and Plutarch did not let the comparative lack of sources prevent them from filching the best of their predecessors. Warnings and indictments did not deter: Martial, who extended *plagium* (the word for slave-stealing) to cover literary theft, was plagiarized for at least 1,600 years—from his contemporary Fidentinus to the expelled schoolboy Tom Brown, who was reinstated for turning Martial's 32nd epigram into "*I do not like thee, Doctor Fell.*"

The Internal Revenue Service did not invent the device of bending a constitutional law to justify a theft. Milton stated a principle that obtained through hundreds of years of English writing when he said that "borrowing without beautifying is a plagiary." In a naïve True Story age when borrowings were praised and imaginings condemned, Chaucer was highly regarded as a "great translator" for his stealings. The man with the least reason to take the work of another, William Shakespeare, anticipated John Milton's rationalization, but did not deceive the tragic Robert Greene, who in his *Groatsworth of Wit* made the first literary allusion to him:

> For there is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blank verse as the best of you; and being an absolute *Johannes fac totum*, is in his own conceit the only Shakescene in a country.

Every one of Shakespeare's plays was worked up from someone else's genius except *Love's Labour's Lost*, and the odds are 37 to 1 that this is an exception only because the source has not yet been found.

Shakespeare has had a unique punishment: he has been suspected of being merely a front for other writers. Though one crank insisted that Shakespeare was Marlowe, and actually dug up the remains of Sir Thomas Walsingham, Queen Elizabeth's spymaster (in whose employ Marlowe worked and was murdered), to prove his point, such cranks generally are lumped together as Baconians. Those who can find Shakespeare's style in Francis Bacon were certainly intended for other things than English literature, but they are irrepressible. Their delusion was launched in that glorious pre-dawn of Women's Liberation by a certified female nut named Delia Bacon (she died in an insane asylum), sponsored by the Boston Booby, Ralph Waldo Emerson. Every serious student of Shakespeare has been trapped at least once in his lifetime by a Baconian.

One of my professors at the University of Pennsylvania in the Forties was once deceived into attending a dinner of Baconians. Professor Black, who once spent an entire class period reciting a bibliography of books on Shakespeare all titled *Shakespeare the Man*, sat politely silent as the principal speaker reiterated the standard cryptographic argument. Asked to make a

*Mr. Greenway, professor of anthropology at the University of Colorado, is the author of many books and magazine articles, all of them highly original.*



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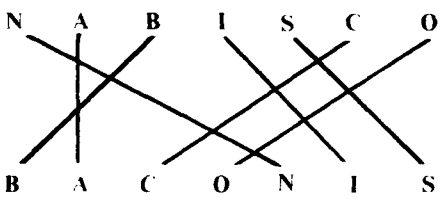
postprandial comment, Professor Black took from the table a soda cracker on which was engraved the name of the baker, meticulously broke it into neat lettered squares like Scrabble pieces, and re-arranged them thus:




Calling the dignitaries at the head table to gather round, he showed them that Francis Bacon was alive and well and living it up as the founder of the National Biscuit Company.

After Shakespeare, the most outrageous plagiarist was Laurence Sterne, almost as improbable a literary thief as the Bard himself. He stole from Swift, Burton, Bolingbroke, Rabelais, Montaigne, Erasmus, Scarron, and Cervantes, among others, and then sanctimoniously deplored plagiarism—in the words of Burton. Scott in his biography of Sterne recalls Dr. Ferrier clearly showing "that Sterne was the most unhesitating plagiarist who ever cribbed from his predecessors in order to garnish his own pages."

Heretics who, like me, consider the Romantic Poets egregiously overrated will be pleased to know that this mob of immoralists made a philosophy of plagiarism. While showing William Godwin a list of plays he could well steal from, Charles Lamb expressed it frankly: that from this form of "honest stealing much remains to be sucked." Coleridge stole from Schlegel and Kant by the line, from Schelling by the page, and from Frederica Brunn by the poem. As John Livingston Lowes showed in his classic analysis *The Road to Xanadu*, Coleridge plagiarized even when he was asleep. Alfred George Gardiner anticipated Lowes's conclusion when he said one could trace Keats's reading by his verse.

Though the Romantic Poets generally observed the Decalogue as written by Arthur Hugh Clough rather than Moses, Byron was the veritable kleptomaniac among them. He was not so amateurish as to work like other plagiarists, picking a line here and a line there from a rich work; he read with a bundle of slips in one hand which he stuck between the pages of whatever he was reading to mark what he intended to plunder. He spent so much time on these villainies that one wonders how he had time for his adulteries.

Byron even went to the traditional ballads and pinched whole stanzas, but here he acted according to a long tradition. It is rare that a folklorist can collect a song from a singer without hearing the claim: "I wrote that myself." Mark Twain commented that in his day it was a favorite indoor sport to take credit for popular songs. "Their authorship," he said, "was claimed by most of the grown-up people who were alive at the time."

In my own folksinging days I wrote more than a few of the songs in my repertory, stealing only a handful of tunes; and every one of my own songs was later plagiarized by singers who made intolerably more money from them than I did. One can only accept philosophically this most sincere form of flattery; but the Australian government went a bit far when in 1971 it issued a postage stamp honoring music and bearing imprinted drawings of six instruments, every one of which was taken from an ethnomusicological illustration I drew and issued in 1965. On the other hand, in 1970 the American Anthropological Association published a book entitled *Current Directions in Anthropology* in which Mao Tse-tung's most famous utterance, "Let a hundred flowers bloom, let a thousand schools of thought contend," was attributed to me.

Of famous phrases and one-liners, Winston Churchill was the most blatant plagiarist since his predecessor Disraeli. His immortal "iron curtain" phrase was used before him by Queen Elizabeth of Belgium, George Washington Crile, Ethel Annakin Snowden, and Hitler's finance minister, Count Lutz Schwerin von Krosigk. Winston's "blood, sweat, and tears" (aesthetically edited by others from the original "blood, toil, tears, and sweat") was anticipated at least four times, first by John Donne, and later by Byron, who stole it from Garibaldi, and later still by Alfred Lord Douglas, Oscar Wilde's gay young boyfriend.

Incidentally, Douglas turned on Oscar, in the lovers' quarrel that ended their friendship, by accusing him of plagiarizing from Whistler, Milton, Keats, Hood, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, William Morris, and James McNeill Whistler. One recalls the exchange recorded by L. C. Ingleby: "*Wilde:* 'I wish I'd said that.' *Whistler:* 'You will, Oscar, you will.'" Wilde apparently used a speech of Whistler's every time he spoke during his American tour, perhaps the heaviest hand across the sea until the English novelist Cecil Henderson republished Dashiell Hammett's *The Maltese Falcon* as *Death in the Dark*. Though his plagiarism was discovered immediately, Henderson maintained that he deserved his own large sale on the ground that while he did not in a sense write the book, he wrote it down. Moreover, he added, he had copied Hammett "for practice."

Moving to this side of the English ocean, one could begin the history of American plagiarism with Cotton Mather, but the Mathers are too nasty a subject for anyone fortunate enough to live outside of Massachusetts. It would be a far better thing, then, to begin with the First Original Native Americans, the Feathered Indians, *Homo phoenicopteros*, who began plagiarizing as soon as they learned to read. Mark Twain immortalized their lack of imagination in his remark on the Indian's utterances: "There is nothing figurative, or moonshiny, or sentimental about his language. It is very simple and unostentatious, and consists of plain, straightforward lies."

Scarcely any of the eloquent remarks on white villainy in such books as Dee Brown's execrable *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee* (itself accused of plagiarism) originated with the Indians. Even the title of Brown's book can be



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traced to a white man with a soft spot in his head for the Red Man. The funniest capture of a Red Man with his red hand in the literary till was the discovery of the source of *The Memoirs of Chief Red Fox*. Some thirty years before Red Fox put together his century-old memories, a man named McGregor wrote a kind of history, *The Wounded Knee Massacre*. Each book has a chapter entitled "The Massacre"; these chapters begin with an instructive parallel:

> [McGregor]: The braying of the Army mules and the fading darkness indicated that a new day was dawning and this gave Big Foot renewed hope that he might yet see his band safe with their friends at Pine Ridge, and that he would once more sit in the council with the mighty Sioux chiefs, with Red Cloud at the head.
>
> [Chief Red Fox]: The braying of the Army mules and the fading stars indicated that a new day was drawing near, which gave Big Foot renewed hope that he might yet see his band safe with their friends at Pine Ridge, and that he would once more sit in council with the mighty Sioux chiefs.

INDIANS are a peevish folk who will lift up your hair at the slightest provocation, so I will say no more of their instinct for raiding horses and other men's writing, but turn briefly to the Catholics and Jews. At a curious affair in Modesto, California, on the 25th of December, 1976, advertised as a Midnight Mass, I, along with the other communicants, was given a guidance "Missalette" to help us through Pope John XXIII's vernacular Mass. At the "Liturgy of the Word" we were instructed to sing:

> *Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.*
> *(Copyright 1971 by J. S. Paluch Company)*

The priest afterward, shaking my hand (down at St. Leroy's you get a hand slap), told me that Mr. Paluch was a tolerant Jew. But I seem to have encountered the text of this piece before somewhere.

It may be coincidence, of course, in which phenomenon I am compulsively interested. Gathering material for a book on the subject, I wrote to several eminent editors, some of whom knew enough of the history of their houses to convey to me a few coincidences that suspicious folk might confuse with plagiarism.

Gordon Gipson, Publisher of the Caxton Printers, noted that his company's book *The Gunfighters*, issued in 1971, was in collision only three years later with Time-Life's heavily advertised book of the same title; Time-Life did it a second time in those identical years with their 1974 *Snake River Country*, wiping out his 1971 *Snake River Country*. John D. Moore, Editor-in-Chief of Columbia University Press, called my attention to two books, each titled *Touching*, both published in 1971. Thomas A. Stewart, Senior Editor of Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, replied with a case of two books published within a few months of each other on the Mullendore Murder Case. The Editorial Director of Aldine, Suzanne Griffin, recalls that a book titled *Josh*, written by a woman whose son had died of cancer, entered the market at the same time as a book titled *Eric*, also written by a woman whose son had died of cancer. Joan Kahn wrote me that she had to turn down Michael Gilbert's *The Tichborne Case* when she learned that two other books on Tichborne were imminently to be published. Henry William Griffin, Senior Editor of Macmillan, was involved in a more curious coincidence when he wrote a play about Henry the Eighth and Anne of Cleves, titling it with Henry's spontaneous epithet on seeing his intended bride, *The Flanders Mare*, and then going to England where he saw a play on the same subject called *The King's Mare*. Condon/E. P. Dutton is publishing a book, Pat Feeley's *Best Friend*, concerning a woman who trains the family dog to kill her husband, while W. W. Norton is putting out *A Man's Best Friend*, about a man who trains the family dog to kill his wife. Nicholas Blake stopped the presses on his *Penknife in My Heart* to assure Patricia Highsmith that he had not read her *Strangers on a Train* or seen the movie made from it, though his book had the same ingenious plot as hers, with characters of the same Christian names.

CONSIDERING the inordinate number of these most public crimes across the history of literature in all languages, it is strange how little has been written about plagiarism and its weird analogue of coincidental publications. Writers live in constant fear of both, yet to the rest of mankind these are trivia fit only to drift into oblivion. "How these curiosities would be quite forgott, did not such idle felowes as I putt them downe," wrote John Aubrey three hundred years ago. For being the first archaeologist as well as a packrat of curiosities, Aubrey was thought in his time to be "magotie-headed." But so was Sir Robert Cotton, to whose hobby of collecting "old Dutch" we owe nearly the whole of extant Anglo-Saxon literature. When Aubrey was not out on his hands and knees finding things like the Aubrey Holes at Stonehenge, he was recording psychic experiences and even obscene tales which the genteel world would be willing to let die—like the disgrace of Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford.

This story, excluded for most of its history from mixed company, came into Europe with the Crusades, so far as we can trace it, and was ancient in the Near East, where it still flourishes—proving that a great joke is more durable than a great book. In Aubrey's telling, the Earl, making obeisance in a magnificently formal mass audience with Queen Elizabeth, loudly broke wind. Abashed, he went into voluntary exile. For seven years he lived abroad with his shame, hoping it was true that time healed all ills, even flatulence. At last he returned and sought audience with the Queen, who received him in the same grandeur as before. From the courtiers there was no smirking remembrance, and he approached his Queen and made her once again obeisance. As he rose, she said sweetly, "My Lord, I have forgott the Fart." □



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# From the Continent

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

# The Russian Hour

Once upon a time the people of Western Europe were able to console themselves with the belief that the sturdy American shield would always protect them from Soviet attack. But over the years, their trust in America's readiness to defend the less than 30 per cent of Europe that is not in totalitarian hands has declined steadily, starting as far back as the early Fifties, with the American refusal to win in Korea. In the Seventies, the U.S. abandoned its allies in Southeast Asia, jettisoned Taiwan, watched helplessly as Iran became a mobocracy, and, perhaps most outrageous of all, permitted Cuba, the little Soviet satellite only ninety miles off Florida's shore, to establish a large empire in Africa. Having observed this pattern of behavior for close to thirty years, many Europeans no longer believe they can rely on the U.S.; and, at the same time, they are growing ever more concerned over the possibility of a Soviet attack.

But is the Communist empire really strong enough to seize Western Europe? It would not seem so, if one considered merely the loyalty and enthusiasm of its unfortunate subjects. Between Prague and Vladivostok genuine Communists are a tiny minority; many people, probably a huge majority, are dreaming of the downfall of their rulers. But whatever the feelings of the three hundred million enslaved persons, the Soviet and satellite armies are intact – and there are no signs of dissent here. With or without SALT II, the Soviet war machine is a grim and constant threat.

In light of the distrust of America and dread of Soviet attack that are slowly spreading among free Europeans, the natural question is, Why don't they tighten their belts, arm to the teeth, and prepare seriously for war? They could unquestionably afford it. Their combined GNP is said to be double that of the Eastern bloc. Considering the very real Soviet threat, then, one would think the political leaders ought to consider re-armament. Unfortunately, though, Western Europe is governed, not by statesmen, but by politicians who are primarily interested in getting themselves re-elected. Thus, instead of pressing for the military steps that Europe must take, they instead do anything that favors the immediate material interests of the voters. Indeed the "practical materialism" of many Europeans, combined with the waning of religion and a weakened sense of honor, has transformed Europe into a continent of Epicureans: and Epicureans are bad fighters. (At present Europe is on a spending spree, because, some say, the future is so uncertain. Unfortunately, it is only too certain.)

There is one other reason for Europe's defense crisis. It may be remembered that Western Europe has been fashioned and re-fashioned by the United States with the connivance of Great Britain (which has never understood the Continent) and the Soviet Union (which has wanted to dominate it). Also to be remembered is the speech Henry Kissinger gave in 1974 to the European Foreign Ministers assembled in Brussels. Kissinger, quite courageously, told his audience that Europe has had no genuinely legitimate governments since 1918.

The Europe of 1918, with its Wilsonian profile, went bankrupt in 1922-23. But in 1945 democracy was re-established, this time with a Rooseveltian profile. And the Rooseveltian profile was no improvement on the Wilsonian: European democracy had learned nothing. Moreover, it could not adapt itself to a sane defense policy because it was afraid that generals are not "good democrats."

Consequently, Europe today suffers from a whole constellation of weaknesses: its tradition and continuity have been broken (except in the Northwest, where monarchy has survived at least as a symbol); it has undergone a profound crisis of patriotism and other forms of idealism (largely owing to sly exploitation on the part of Big Brothers) and suffers from a resurgence of decadence; its symbols (flags, coats of arms, hymns) have changed in rapid sequence; its constitutions give every opportunity for "legal revolution." As in the German revolution of yesterday, the Communist regime of "Popular Democracy" could be installed tomorrow in France or Italy with a switch of 2 or 3 per cent of the vote. Western Europe today consists largely of castrated nations that totter from one election to the next without a mission, without a task, without a program, without ideals that would arose enthusiasm and demand sacrifices and the readiness to labor and to suffer.

All this explains both why a great dread is sweeping Europe and why Europeans are placing extravagant hopes in a possible alliance with China. Events have reached such a state that people in Western Europe are speculating openly that the time may be ripe for the Soviets to attack right now, partly in order to create a "national emergency" which would silence the ever-growing dissent among their subjects, partly to strengthen the Western flank in anticipation of possible Chinese aggression, partly also because the elections of 1980 might bring strong men to power in Washington and Bonn. Despite this speculation, we in the West have done nothing but parry the Soviet blows; never once have we been able to take the initiative, to mount an offensive.

The situation reminds one of the middle of the last century, when a different Russia was the neighbor of a much tougher West. On January 30, 1850, Donoso Cortes, speaking in the Madrid parliament, uttered words that, *mutatis mutandis*, apply to the present situation: "Well, when there is no more patriotism in Europe because the socialist revolutions have done away with it, when in the East the great federation of all Slavic nations will be established [the Warsaw Pact?] . . . then, gentlemen, Russia's hour will have struck. Then Russia will be able to march, arms shouldered, peacefully into our lands." □



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# Why Bother?

## From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

ALTHOUGH STILL deeply involved in litigation with state and federal governmental agencies, the church-related schools of this country have made substantial gains during the past year in their endeavor to maintain independence from political direction. The Supreme Court has decided that the NLRB cannot order church-related schools to recognize teachers' unions; Congress has prevented the IRS from forcing such schools to prove their innocence of "discrimination"; and in other ways the courts have tended to sustain the freedom of religious schools under the First Amendment and other constitutional provisions.

Yet whether many church schools take full advantage of their exemptions and privileges is open to question. Despite their rights at law, church-related schools often drift into a dull conformity with the modes of thought and instruction prevalent in the "public" schools. As Malcolm Muggeridge remarks of liberties in our age, many people do not desire to be free. "They swim into Leviathan's mouth. He does not need to chase them."

The other day I discovered that our eldest daughter, enrolled in the seventh grade of a Catholic academy, was given as a history textbook the volume entitled *America! America!* (Scott, Foresman), recently pilloried on the front page of the *Wall Street Journal* as a conspicuous example of banality, ideological infatuation, and thinness of substance, in a field of American textbooks generally inadequate. *America! America!* is a thoroughly secularized textbook, containing next to nothing about religion, let alone Christianity, let alone Catholic doctrine. Presumably the teachers and the administrators at Monica's school are unaware that religion is bound up with history.

Similar news comes to me from a gentleman in Pennsylvania who has an intimate acquaintance with both public and parochial schools. He describes in detail "the unfortunate circumstance of most non-public schools in our area attempting to copy the public schools." What he says is true in most states.

"Non-public schools in Pennsylvania," my correspondent writes, "are provided, through state funds, with school health services, guidance services, psychological services, remedial-reading and mathematics services, speech-correction and therapy services, and other auxiliary or ancillary student services. In fact my six-year-old, in a parish school, has been introduced to 'career counseling,' courtesy of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Guess what? The elementary-school guidance counselor has learned that my child aspires to be a motorcycle policeman, something his parents have known ever since he stopped wanting to be a fireman. . . .

"Naturally, parents paying twice for basic education see these minor offerings as something they are entitled to as a result of paying taxes to fund services for all children. But most fail to see the encroachment of the state educational system upon their private refuges. Even at parent-teacher meetings, well-meaning parents quickly defend the state services as merely securing their 'fair share.' Never do they appear to be worried about the problem I call 'sameness.' Parents, teachers, and principals in non-public schools tout the many things they possess which are the 'same' as those in the public schools. These people continually advocate private education, and then verify its quality and value by showing its similarity to public education.

### *Independence v. Dollars*

"I have a tremendous fear that in exchange for a few dollars' worth of some ancillary services, which are of dubious value, these schools will sacrifice their uniqueness and independence. The result of sacrificing these two qualities will assure survival for several more years, to be sure. But they will become the bargain-basement variety of education. And because they become a poorer brand of the same system, eventually they will disappear."

Amen to that. In their eagerness to secure a share of public funds for education, Catholic schools in particular have virtually secularized themselves, at every level of instruction, in not a few dioceses. Even in the archdiocese of New York, in the EASA case concerning the use of public funds for non-public schools (*National Coalition for Public Instruction and Religious Liberty* v. *Califano, et al.*), part of the argument of the Catholic schools has been that they aren't very different, after all, from public schools. This is perilous reasoning: in gaining a subvention, it is possible to lose their freedom of policy, not to mention a crucifix.

### *Sex-Counts, Race-Counts*

The furnishing or renting of public-school textbooks to "independent" schools has been found constitutional and occurs in a good many states. The result, in fairly short order, is the assimilation of instruction in most school disciplines, at church-related schools, to the bland and boring "neutrality" of public schools on questions of faith and morals. Permit me to put in evidence here some remarks which I received recently from an editor for a major textbook-publishing firm. My correspondent had been transferred to a different department within his firm and was now preparing exercises for fourth-graders:

"Of course there was the (now) standard sex-count (how many males and females mentioned), ethnic-count, and race-count. Also: forbidden to mention God, clergy, strong men, weak women, fear, 'junk' food (ice cream, pie, pop are 'junk'), and 'girls.' There are of course no girls, only women (superwomen, that is). Then again, the magic word is 'sexism.' All women must be portrayed as Wonder Women, flawless, all-achieving, and *never in the kitchen*."

Without God, clergymen, or even girls, how suitable is a textbook in any humane discipline for a church-related school? Of course such a manual isn't really suitable for public schools, either; but little can be done to get rid of such rubbish in public schools, under the beetling tyranny of Educationism. Yet the independent schools retain the power to toss out such "educational" printed trash and use sound books instead. That many of them lack the imagination and the will to distinguish their books and their curricula from those of the average school—why, that failing will lead, fairly soon, to the inquiry of parents and pupils, "Why bother? Why bother at all with this 'private school?' " □



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# Books Arts & Manners

## Counterintellectuals, Unite!

JOSEPH SOBRAN

*The Neoconservatives: The Men Who Are Changing America's Politics*
*By Peter Steinfels*
*Simon & Schuster, 335 pp., $11.95*

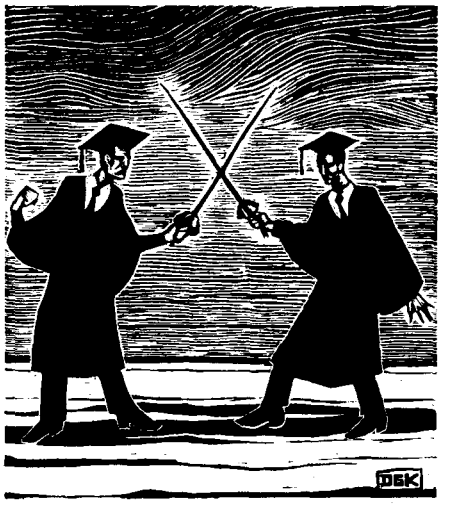
Peter Steinfels once wrote a perceptive essay called "The Counterintellectuals." In it he noted that the very word "intellectuals" had always had political overtones and the intellectuals had nearly always inclined to the Left. Furthermore, he noted, they had always been shadowed by other people, equally accomplished intellectually, but skeptical of and even hostile toward "the" intellectuals. These "counterintellectuals" were a constant presence but never a movement; as a rule they were isolated critics.

In *The Neoconservatives* Steinfels finds that the counterintellectuals have finally become a party. The neoconservatives are where the action is, politically and intellectually. They provide (bow your heads, boys) "the serious and intelligent conservatism America has lacked." He knows their work, respects them, deplores them. He cherishes them as adversaries and won't allow anyone else to attack them stupidly. He wants to carve them up himself.

Their virtue, as Steinfels sees it, is that they have raised questions too long neglected by conventional liberalism, especially questions about the relation between personal morality and public life. Yet one of their overriding weaknesses is that they tend to be bourgeois gentlemen, content to let the market make the big judgments about value. Thus Irving Kristol can inveigh against liberalism when it comes to sex and censorship, pointing out incisively (for instance) that if you say a girl can't be ruined by a book you have to concede that she can't be improved by one either; but when liberals complain about corporate bribery overseas, Kristol forgets all he has said about "republican morality" and retreats to a pseudo-toughminded that's-the-way-life-in-the-real-world-is attitude. Kristol's inconsistency, as Steinfels sees it, is the result of his refusal to take his opponents seriously.

In fact, we learn, the neoconservatives generally tend to assume a "*knowing* attitude" and to treat their opponents with unjust condescension. The worst example of this is Daniel Patrick Moynihan, who shuttles between the roles of authoritative professor and practical politician. In politics he exploits his academic credentials, while in the academy he parries criticism with the weary smile of a man of affairs confronted by ethereal speculatists.

If Moynihan is Steinfels's least favorite neoconservative, Daniel Bell is his most. Bell, I must confess, has always struck me as one of those authors who are called "important" for want of a more specific adjective, largely because they write opaquely (and gracelessly) about large subjects. Steinfels's own prose certainly rises to the occasion: "Bell's tripartite statement of views is linked to his tripartite analysis of modern societies." There you have it: overweight adjectives and logy prepositional phrases connected by an all-purpose do-nothing verb. It is very hard to tell if people who write this way are actually *thinking* about something. Yet he and Bell do seem to understand each other, like a couple of lizards exchanging amorous signals. Perhaps it is not for the outsider to comment. But I gather it has something to do with Bell's socialism and suspicion of capitalism, together with his concern for the culture that capitalism (he says) erodes. What Steinfels, the liberal Catholic, doesn't like is Bell's uncomprehending assumption that religion, because of its legitimizing power, is necessarily a conservative force. And of course it is true, as Steinfels says, that religion may produce radical effects in politics when it is merely being true to its own origins.



Each of these three neoconservatives gets a chapter to himself. Others are treated more cursorily, and more lucidly. On the movement as a whole Steinfels has interesting remarks and an especially interesting theory. Let me try to summarize it:

Neoconservatives are liberals, and often former socialists, who have had sec-

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**David Evanier** *is a literary critic and novelist residing in New York City. . . .* **James Jackson Kilpatrick** *is a syndicated columnist and the author of many books.*



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ond thoughts about liberalism. They are alarmed by the decline of authority, as they see it, and ascribe this to the emergence of a "new class" of intellectuals and radical reformers armed with a consumingly egalitarian ideology that challenges the legitimacy of traditional society and its governing structures.

But (Steinfels goes on) the intellectuals aren't really all that radical. As a matter of fact most academicians are rather old-fashioned liberals who, under examination, turn out to be far more reserved and even fearful of radicalism than has generally been believed. Although they opposed the war in Vietnam, they were more deeply appalled by the New Left itself, and they worry about the integrity of academic standards, academic freedom, and the like at the hands of both rowdy students and federal bureaucrats.

In fact (still Steinfels talking) equality, in the leveling nightmare sense in which Kristol speaks of it, isn't even on the agenda. The neoconservatives inflate every reform measure into such monstrous proportions in order to keep the standpatters good and scared. You might say it's a genteel McCarthyism: just as the old Red-baiters portrayed the New Deal as the opening wedge of Bolshevism, so the neoconservatives treat mild affirmative-action programs as the first cloud before the storm of rigid, down-the-line quotas, including upper limits, explicit or virtual, on numbers of Jews.

As a matter of fact (Steinfels concludes) neoconservatism itself can be seen as a new-class ideology—not for a class on the make, but for the class that has recently arrived. The professional tinkering reformers, like Moynihan, are threatened by more thorough-going reformers, and therefore want to portray them as destroyers. The "end of ideology" hailed by Bell is a way of containing dissent, by shutting off comprehensive criticism and referring all problems to the credentialed experts of the present system. The academicians don't want to be held responsible to society at large or to be made to pick up their fair share of the burden of (say) racial justice, and neoconservatism conveniently reaffirms the traditional liberal ideology of academic freedom—laissez-faire for the faculty—to justify their privilege.

It is true that even neoconservatives have axes to grind and interests (even a specific class interest) to protect, and Steinfels makes the point with great cunning. But how far does this take us? After all, it is hard to imagine a position that would serve *nobody's* interests, and, as Steinfels acknowledges, ideals and interests can harmonize without being reducible to one another. In fact he is quite fair-minded on this point. But it leaves the reader wondering what he is driving at.

Though the book is something considerably richer and more valuable than a scrapbook on its subjects, it suffers from something like a scrapbook's failure to take them whole. Although there are many shrewd observations and criticisms, these generally remain on a debater's level, without approaching the quiddities. Kristol is something more than a cynic, Moynihan more than a blarneying opportunist. Again, Steinfels would quickly and wholeheartedly agree—yet that is the way they appear, no doubt inadvertently, in his portrayal of them

As for the matter of equality, Steinfels errs in pooh-poohing it so cavalierly. Kristol himself has pointed out that egalitarian arguments have been short on programmatic specifics. That isn't really the point. The point is that radical polemics were smuggling a crude assumption into our political discourse: that any given inequality was either unjust in itself or the result of some presumptive act or system of injustice, and that it accordingly warranted state remedies. This is less a doctrine than a style of argument, and it is unimaginative not to see that the neoconservatives have discredited it. Had they not done so, radicalism might well have fulfilled their direst prophecies. We might have had an entire nation of people who thought like Patricia Roberts Harris.

What makes the neoconservatives so elusive is that they habitually assume the posture of policy critics. The overall tendency of their thought is of course rightward, but their failure to produce a collective credo or manifesto puts the critic on slippery footing when he tries to ascribe a general position to them. Steinfels shuttles somewhat between policy-level nitpicking and uneasy generalization, and it is hard to blame him too much. They don't invite the inspection of their inner life that will have to be made somewhere along the line, and with the partial exception of Norman Podhoretz they don't often admit that they, like other people, *have* an inner life. If Steinfels had twigged on this, he might have written a superb book. Instead he has merely written a good one. □

*The Literacy Hoax*
*By Paul Copperman*
*Morrow, 323 pp., $10.95*

# THE BIGGEST RIPOFF

## JAMES J. KILPATRICK

A phrase has gained currency in recent years—"to get it all together"—and I summon it up for Paul Copperman's powerful critique of public education in America today. Various observers have reported on various aspects of the dismal scene—on the decline of literacy and the rise of vandalism, the abandonment of basic learning and the rush toward twaddle—but not since Mortimer Smith a generation ago has any critic pulled it all together as Copperman does here.

This is a work written in anger, but it is not written angrily. A sustained polemic, it is never shrill. As a professional educator whose life is spent in the teaching of reading, Copperman is filled with icy outrage at what is happening in our schools.

"Our problem," he writes, "is a nationwide deterioration in basic academic skills and knowledge. Students do not read, write, or compute as well as they did ten years ago. Nor do they know as much about history, science, or literature. The deterioration starts at about fourth grade and worsens steadily throughout junior and senior high school."

The deterioration has affected virtually every aspect of public education. As parents or grandparents, most of us are generally familiar with some of the changes in curriculum that have taken place. Latin has almost disappeared from our high schools. The old "hard" courses in mathematics have been softened. Teachers of English no longer demand much in the way of themes or memorization. Barely half of the na-



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tion's colleges persist in requiring a foreign language as a prerequisite for graduation.

The sickness can be charted by empirical thermometers. The statistics on "grade inflation" are startling. In 1977, one study found, four students were making As and Bs for every one student making a C. Something had to be fearfully wrong—wrong at the level of felonious assault or incessant absenteeism—to produce a D or an F. At one high school in Washington, D.C., the valedictorian was graduated with straight As—but his scholarship aptitude tests placed him in the bottom 5 to 13 per cent of all graduates in the verbal and mathematical examinations.

COPPERMAN is especially incensed at the degeneration of authority. Many teachers hesitate to assign homework, he says, because their pupils contemptuously refuse to do it—and they get away with their refusal. Supreme Court decisions have made it difficult to impose discipline even in the most flagrant cases of misconduct. The teacher who is threatened with knife or pistol fears to go to her principal because a student cannot be expelled without risking a full-blown hearing under the rules of due process of law. By sheer force of personality, good teachers manage to achieve and to maintain order in their classrooms; such teachers effectively teach, and their pupils learn—but Copperman glumly estimates that only half the nation's teaching force would qualify for a "good" rating.

How did we get to this miserable point? Copperman traces the familiar explanations. Too many academic innovations collided at a postwar point of social and cultural upheaval. They could not be evaluated or absorbed. In a chaotic jumble, a dozen bright new theories coalesced—the look-and-guess method of teaching reading, the "New Math," the open classroom, the social promotion, the whole bag of permissive tricks and democratic gimmicks. Desegregation, both North and South, produced intractable problems in human relations and in academic achievement. The judiciary got into the act. Congress appropriated billions that could not be spent wisely, and Congress created a federal bureaucracy to make certain this would be so. The learning business became the biggest business in the land—a $130-billion-a-year business whose one product was to be literacy. And behold, says Copperman, the hoax and the victims of the hoax. A whole generation has been defrauded by the biggest ripoff of all. Millions of young people were supposed to have been educated, and they weren't.

Copperman's recommendations for reform begin with a swelling public demand for restoration of the old ways, the old basics, the old discipline. He believes the time is ripe for an irresistible pressure from parents, teachers, and recent graduates suffering from disenchantment. So powerful a public demand would find a healthy response in the intervention of legislatures and the withdrawal of judges. Local school boards, reacting to local outcries, might be persuaded to hire better principals and superintendents, and to give them the authority to impose tougher curriculums and to fire teachers who can't measure up.

It would be pleasant to report that Copperman's call to arms has roused the educational countryside. Alas, it isn't so. His book has drowned in a sea of reviewing silence. None of the major reviewing media has touched it. Copperman ought to be heard, and in time he will be heard. He has written one of the most important books of recent years, and he is leading an attack that has been much too long delayed. □

# BEAUX ARTS

*Diaries 1920-22*
*By Bertolt Brecht*
*Edited by Herta Ramthun*
*St. Martin's, 182 pp., $8.95*

## FALLING CHESTNUTS

DAVID EVANIER

I recently came upon a street poster in Manhattan's Yorkville advertising a concert of Brecht songs to celebrate the thirtieth anniversary of what is unblinkingly called the German Democratic Republic. It was a chilling reminder of the political path Brecht took later on, but here he is at 22, near the beginning of his career, working on *In the Jungle of Cities*:

> Currently I'm writing on quite small thin sheets of paper, walking under the trees; not one word in an enclosed space. The weather is good, I walk for hours to the sound of falling chestnuts all round me. At the same time, I'm proceeding absolutely relaxedly, not committing myself too soon. It was only when halfway through the first scene that I got a complete picture of G. Garga [a central character]. Much later I constructed the framework of the plot, which I've put virtually no weight on. Everything's fluid. I love approximation. In among this I sketch sentences from all the various scenes together with individual entrances. It's all growing, almost of its own accord, and heading toward the mid-point, as though I were writing from memory. . . . Each word has broken out of its shell; sentences come thrusting up straight from my breast. I just copy them down.

This is a nearly formed artist, with energy, genius, self-discipline, and direction. *Baal* and *Drums in the Night* have already been written, and we are present at the genesis of *Jungle* and portions of what would become *A Man's a Man*. Here is an anti-Bolshevik Brecht, and a racist, an antisemite, and a contemptuous womanizer as well. The seeds of the Communist ideologue are present in his morbidity, his obsession with brutality and violence, his sense that the civilization around him hung by a thread. He would turn to a form of idealism to contain what he feared in himself and what he saw in the outer world that was a mirror of that tormented, devious self. No writer—not Strindberg, not Büchner (among those he admired most)—was blacker and more despairing than Brecht, even at the start:

> There's an October fair now on. . . . What lavatory-tile faces. What voices, like domestic animals! The sideshows add to the romanticism; the people, dumb, sinful, and patient, lets itself be titillated. . . .

Whatever point of view he imposed upon himself later on, those nihilistic elements remained constant, bursting through his plays. And while he wanted to be a believer in human betterment, his survival as the high priest of East Berlin was surely due to his underlying cynicism and amorality. The Communist regime, following after its Nazi predecessor, must have justified at the end his certitude about the triumph of evil.



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At the time of these diaries, Brecht is a medical student in Munich, spending weekends in his room in the attic of his father's house in Augsburg. He is still torn between theater, films, and poetry—he is deciding what form to embrace even after the first two plays have already been written. Most elements are in place, however, including the early formulation of what would, in the Thirties, become his dramatic theory of "alienation":

> There is one common artistic error which I hope I've avoided . . . that of trying to carry people away. Instinctively I've kept my distance and ensured that the stage realization of my (poetical and philosophical) effects remains within bounds. The spectator's "splendid isolation" is left intact, it is not *sua res quae agitur*, he is not fobbed off with an invitation to feel sympathetically, to fuse with the hero and cut a meaningful and indestructible figure while watching himself in two simultaneous versions. There is a higher type of interest to be got from making comparisons, from whatever is different, amazing impossible to take in as a whole.

Brecht has recently lost his mother who has died of cancer. His grief for her is almost unspoken, yet it is palpable. He is also the affectionate father of an illegitimate child (whom he implores his own father to care for) and, while continuing his relationship with his son's mother, is passionately addicted to Marianne Zoff, an opera singer and lady with no scruples about taking money for her favors from several men at the same time. He will later marry her. This obsession gives the diaries a compelling and personal core:

*On the way from Augsburg to Timbuctoo I saw Marianne Zoff*
*That sang in the opera and looked like a Maori woman*
*And was lovely in the grass, also in bed, and looked lovely in her clothes*
*And I slept with her too and gave her a child.*
*(She'd rolled herself in a ball like a hedgehog sleeping.*
*She was cunning as an animal and conducted herself without cunning.*
*She nodded her head when laughing, looked slantwise up at you, and drew a blade of grass through her teeth.*
*She walked from sheer joy*
*She once said to me: Chump!*

*She was proud of her legs.*
*She looked like scorched grass when passionate.)*

Interwoven with these matters in the diaries are Brecht's thoughts and reflections on other writers he respects—Hamsun, Hesse, Rimbaud, Tagore, G. K. Chesterton, Flaubert, Georg Kaiser, Alfred Döblin, Van Gogh (for his letters)—the poems he is writing, his strong feelings about fatherhood, his returning twice to a phrase used by the art critic Meier-Graefe about Delacroix that he recognizes as applying to himself: "a warm heart beating in a cold person." We are present at his discovery of the subject of the city, which will be a galvanizing force and central theme in his work beginning with *Jungle*:

> . . . Nobody has yet described the big city as a jungle. Where are its heroes, its colonizers, its victims? The hostility . . . its malignant stony consistency, its Babylonian confusion of language, in short its poetry has not yet been created.

Yet he is still a young man. We see him in his "concertina trousers," straw hat, colored shirt, and torn jacket, bearing his guitar on serenading expeditions, visiting fairgrounds, lying about in the meadows, visiting the music halls, observing clowns, watching his first Chaplin short, singing in cabarets, boating, hiking, working in his studio to the light of a red lantern. There is plenty of bombast, gibberish, and tough posturing. When he goes to Berlin to establish himself as a writer, the atmosphere of the smoky dives as rendered in his diaries is reminiscent of certain scenes in some of his later plays:

> I rapidly got drunk, filled up with brandy, red wine, liqueurs, floated up to the ceiling, couldn't recall a single song. Klabund sang at the piano, soldiers' and whores' songs . . . a Malay girl danced with me like a whore, we collapsed on the coal box, then she sang French chansons in a deep smoker's contralto . . . after which H. E. Jacob [novelist and editor] and I did the dance of the two (cushioned) hunchbacks. . . . Around four I was still there in that lurching playbox playing the guitar and singing. Up came Grete the married lady . . . and sat down facing me, saying, "You're the only one who can tell me. What is the Fourth Dimension?" "Ah, yes, that's the vital question. But I can't do it just now. I've been drinking." "Ah, yes, you can't do it just now."

At 22 he had powerful confidence, a swiftly evolving style, a developed writing voice, and another vital ingredient—a belief in form and control:

> It's our bad luck that we Germans treat application and effort, even precision, as attributes of mediocrity. . . . Where in Germany can you find that serious, frequently sober devotion to an idea coupled with an equally frequently fanatical devotion to a craft as can be seen, for instance, in France (in the work of Van Gogh, Flaubert, Gauguin, Maupassant, Cézanne, Zola, Baudelaire, Stendhal, Delacroix)? The best works of our time are doomed to pass away thanks to their lack of any ethical approach on the technical side.

We are witnesses not to the birth of a writer of genius, but to the consolidation of his gifts. It is an important moment, vividly conveyed in this translation by John Willett. □

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*Letters*
*By John Barth*
*Putnam, 772 pp., $16.95*

# FEARFUL SYMMETRY

## D. KEITH MANO

Eastern Maryland is pretty much a neuropathic condition. The place hangs on our Atlantic seaboard like some prosthesis for itself: flat, vapid, quaggy. It can't be just coincidental that the most pretentious, boring long novel (*Chesapeake* by Michener) and the most imaginative, boring long novel (*Letters* by Barth) are mised-en-scène within one half block of each other. Around Cam-



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# RANDOM NOTES

■ MORE JANUARY TITLES: *Eurocommunism: Challenge for East and West* (Holt, $17.95), by Wolfgang Leonhard, translated by Mark Vecchio, argues that Eurocommunism is indeed Communism with a Botticelli face. . . . David McLellan's *Marxism after Marx* (Harper & Row, $17.50) is a useful reference work for people who believe that Marxism continues to be an intellectually credible discipline.

Gail Thain Parker takes on the American academic Establishment in *The Writing on the Wall: Inside Higher Education in America* (Simon & Schuster, $9.95). Among her many opinions: that academe has become a kind of fail-safe establishment, where meal-ticketed kids are taught in serene security by fat and stupid—and tenured—professors. . . . Want to get a grant? You don't have to repay, and it's interest-free, and they're dying to give it to you. Sort of like the Marshall Plan. Craig W. Smith and Eric W. Skjei tell you all you need to know in *Getting Grants* (Harper & Row, $12.95). . . . Earl Fry describes, in his *Financial Invasion of the U.S.A.: A Threat to American Society?* (McGraw-Hill, $9.95), a state of affairs which may cause the radical young at Columbia, Berkeley, and other hotspots to start denouncing the exploitation by greedy foreign capitalists of such quintessential Third World countries as South Carolina, Alabama, Grand Union, and Baskin-Robbins.

Bruce Mazlish, a self-described "psycho-historian" (a term which quite properly leaves in doubt the question of who is psycho), worked energetically to spread about what might be called the Sorel Interpretation of Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger. His new book is *Jimmy Carter: A Character Portrait* (Simon & Schuster, $11.95), with Edwin Diamond. —CW

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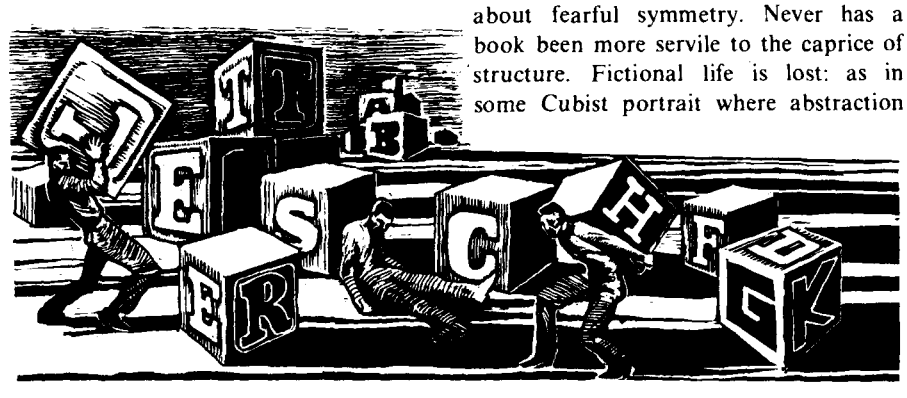
bridge, Md.; on Old Choptank River: not exactly Paris and La Seine for romantic resonance. Michener, of course, is contemptible; and, right this moment, were I to poke a finger down my throat the sound would come out, Barth! Sixteen hundred thirty-six foot-deep pages between them: one month apiece in the reading. I might've got less time for robbery and maybe picked up a new TV set while I was at it.

The alphabet, we all know, is shorthand for ancient Phoenician pictography. John Barth has half a mind to make us draw longhand again. Letters in *Letters* means: 1) mere spelling, L-E-T-T-E-R-S; 2) the correspondence essential to an epistolary novel; and 3) this sort of thing—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| (Sat) | A | N O L D |
| (Fri) | B | Y |
| (Thu) | C | T |
| (Wed) | D | R O |
| (Tue) | E | R |
| (Mon) | F | W |
| (Sun) | G I N E | S H I M |

*Voici*: a pictograph composed of letters to form letter L and letter E (I haven't room for T-T-E-R-S). Complex mischief here: you'll probably have trouble seeing the word for its letter. But if this sentence—AN OLD TIME EPISTOLARY NOVEL BY SEVEN FICTITIOUS DROLLS & DREAMERS EACH OF WHICH IMAGINES HIMSELF FACTUAL—is printed out left-right (note A . . . NOLD above) the letters of it form L-E-T-T-E-R-S. Now: take the diagram for L or E and insert either into a monthly calendar page turned on its side. Got that? (Do you want it?) Well, A (in the L pictogram) fits into Saturday, March 8, 1969. B, below it, into Friday the 7th. Etc. and hum-ho. The seven "drolls & dreamers" are each allotted one weekday. Lady Amherst, for instance, will send her correspondence on Saturday. In March (the pictogram for L) she will write only on March 8. In April (the pictogram for E) she will write on the 5th, 12th, 19th, and 26th (NOLD). Now you understand what sort of mind we're trying to coax off a building ledge. Excuse me while I Barth. This book should be wrapped in a white jacket: with long sleeve-like flaps.

Moreover, Barth will make you question that arbitrary designation, ABCD. After all, language is a rupturable agreement. Why couldn't CAT spell DOG? Suppose, in cryptographic terminology, that C=D. Or, in algebraic terminology, 678—if C=6. (The book is kapoked with codes and anagrams.) And, to put a cherry on that assumption, Barth will also presume the interpenetrability of time. An event that occurs, say, on March 9, 1769 must occur on March 9, 1812 and 1969 as well. So, too, a human life should re-enact, in one form or another, some segment of its past. Son's life will rehearse (or reverse) father's life: will replay (or reverse) its own youth. The campus unrest of 1969 is forced (and I mean *forced*) to parallel the War of 1812. Ontogeny recapitulates philogeny, while recapitulating that recapitulation. Human existence, in Barth, is subjected not to historical or moral analysis, but to a brand of formalistic literary criticism.



All seven correspondents (JB is one of them), plus about half the supporting cast, have appeared previously in the Barth six-book œuvre. This kittenish self-promotion tends to be rather unattractive. The subplot (main plot, in fact) is, How My Seventh Novel Was Written. Characters provide both epistolary text and editorial advice. And American history is revised, hauling that discipline into the jurisdiction of romance. Throughout, too, a film gets made: the subject of which is allegorical (and stalemated) conflict between Letters (last meaning for that now hateful word: i.e., any articulate genre) and dumb Visual Art. Barth gives us 35-mm Phoenician pictographs: the alphabet returning to its origin.

Look, I respect Barth. His imagination is imperial (though well-nigh obsessive); his prose styles are various and piquant. I am, furthermore, not one to prescribe a limiting circumference for fiction. If the novel has vigor left, that vigor is inherent in its peculiar adaptability. Nonetheless, one bald truth has to be gotten at: namely, that *Letters* is an unspeakable drag to read. Talk about fearful symmetry. Never has a book been more servile to the caprice of structure. Fictional life is lost: as in some Cubist portrait where abstraction



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dissolves anthropomorphic fact. This, I feel, is a symptom of insecurity: Barth will not trust relationship and event. He hopes instead that a striking formal masterplan will distract criticism. Yet, if our good novelists continue to alienate and bore their (their? Our, *my*) readership, we have no business complaining about a Jacqueline Susann. Never mind *Charlie's Angels*. The genre is being character-assassinated not by TV or by a conspiratorial illiteracy, but by its own best practitioners. □

*The American Renaissance: 1876-1917*
*By Richard Guy Wilson, Dianne H. Pilgrim, and Richard N. Murray*
*Brooklyn Museum, 232 pp., $14.95*

## LOOKING BACKWARD

### RUTH BERENSON

This book is one of the more fruitful experiments in art-historical revisionism to appear in some time; although it serves as a catalogue for the Brooklyn Museum's survey of "The American Renaissance," its interest is by no means confined to those who are able to visit that show. It covers establishmentarian art and culture in America from 1876 to 1917, a period effectively consigned to oblivion by the iconoclasts of the Jazz Age and the so-called "progressives" of the 1930s, and only now beginning to be resuscitated. Mark Twain called those years of the 1880s and '90s "The Gilded Age"; Lewis Mumford dubbed them "The Brown Decades"; Edith Wharton made them the setting for her novel *The Age of Innocence*. The present authors title their survey *The American Renaissance*, in tribute to the architects, sculptors, and painters who gave the period its tone, and who were convinced that they were taking part in a rebirth of the arts which would rival, perhaps even surpass, the one that erupted in fifteenth century Florence—a claim the authors examine with scholarship and occasional wit.

The leading figures of this self-conscious blooming were mostly educated abroad and were, in a sense, European-oriented. They all believed that their native land was an artistic laggard, that it had no native artistic tradition; they saw it as their duty to compensate for this, by what Richard Guy Wilson, author of the introductory chapters to this book, calls "scientific eclecticism." The chief proponent of this nostrum was John La Farge, whose versatility led his contemporaries to dub him a Renaissance man, and who tapped his vast knowledge of European and Oriental art to produce stained-glass windows whose refulgent colors often surpass those of his better-remembered rival, Louis Tiffany, and brilliant murals; his glowing *Ascension* in the Fifth Avenue church of that name combines motifs from Raphael and Palma Vecchio with landscape studies he brought back from Japan. Architects like Stanford White and Charles McKim, sculptors like Augustus Saint Gaudens and Daniel Chester French were equally catholic in their borrowings.

The book's lavish illustrations, nicely coordinated with the text, reveal the wealth of talent that was at the disposal of that era's self-made millionaires. Naturally, the artists reveled in being able to create French chateaux for the Vanderbilts, regardless of expense—but, just as importantly, they felt that in modeling the Boston Public Library on Rome's Cancelleria, and New York's Pennsylvania Station on the Baths of Caracalla, they were on the way to realizing their ideal, the City Beautiful.

The sense of mission was not, of course, confined to artists alone. The spirit of Manifest Destiny was in the air, and national self-confidence plus the conviction of America's moral superiority over the rest of the world, especially old, decadent Europe, knew few limits. This smugness—the very opposite of the American self-hatred of the 1960s—surfaced in the glorification of the American woman, or, as Mr. Wilson calls her, "the American Virgin," that tall, elegantly dressed, untouchable young woman who appeared on everything from candy boxes and premium calendars to paintings by Thomas Dewing and Abbott Thayer, and was immortalized by Henry James as *Daisy Miller*, and by Charles Dana Gibson as the shirt-waisted Gibson girl. The latter's replacement in the 1920s by John Held Jr.'s bare-kneed flapper signaled the demise of the American Renaissance.

Still, it was a long time expiring. Most art histories date America's embrace of European modernism from the Armory Show of 1913, when Cézanne, Picasso, and the other Cubists were first seen on this side of the Atlantic. In fact, as the authors of *American Renaissance* remind us, older forms continued to dominate official art all through the 1920s and '30s, making their last appearances in Mount Rushmore and the National Gallery, both completed in 1941. Each was loudly blasted by critics of the time as hopelessly conservative and outdated—but they have worn remarkably well; one wonders if the "modern" monuments and buildings of today will age as gracefully as they and the other surviving examples of our American Renaissance have done. It is good to have a book like this one, that treats an almost-vanished age soberly, factually, and unnostalgically, and encourages us to examine and judge its products on their own not inconsiderable merits. □

# FILM

## OPERATIC OPERATORS

### JOHN SIMON

Cinema, like the other arts, fosters overblown reputations, but, being both high and popular art, can puff up from both above and below—nowhere else, then, can one become so entirely overrated. Exemplary, in this respect, is the career of Bernardo Bertolucci. The son of a Parmesan poet and film critic, Bertolucci shot his second short subject at age 16 in 1957: a 15-minute silent film about pig slaughtering. Gratuitous violence was to become one of his hallmarks; the other, a lyricizing effeteness. In 1961 he became an assistant director to the late Pier Paolo Pasolini, distinguished for pretentious films blending Catholicism, Communism, and pederasty. In 1962 Bertolucci won the Viareggio Prize for his volume of poetry, *In*



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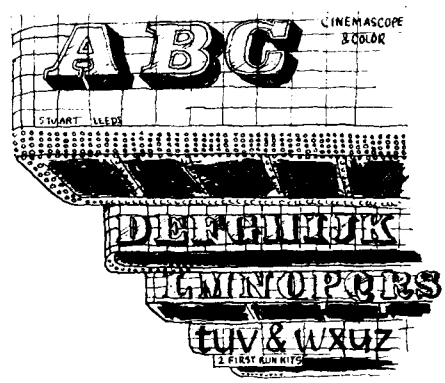
*Search of Mystery*, and brought out his first feature film, from a story by Pasolini. This was *La comare secca* (*The Grim Reaper*), an attitudinizing piece of claptrap about dark doings in the Borghese Gardens after dark, involving generous dollops of prostitution, sadomasochism, and homosexuality.

Bertolucci's filmography proceeded along lines that soon added pretentiousness to unmotivated brutality and enervated aestheticism. He made movies loosely based on prestigious literary works: *Before the Revolution*, a narcissistic and sophomoric version of *The Charterhouse of Parma*; *Partner*, an obscurantist travesty of Dostoyevsky's *The Double*; *The Spider's Stratagem*, a similar distortion of a short-short story by Borges, who, as he told me, was never informed of this adaptation. *The Conformist* stuck closer to Moravia's novel—unfortunately; it did, however, underscore the homosexual motif, and add some gratuitous bits of surrealism. As is fashionable among Italy's pseudo-intellectuals, Bertolucci has veered more and more to the Left; his brother and frequent collaborator, Giuseppe, has made a cinematic tribute to the head of Italy's CP entitled *Berlinguer, I Love You*.

*Last Tango in Paris*, a formless farrago of violence and pretension in which heterosexual relations are viewed (both literally and figuratively) from a homosexual position, was hailed by Pauline Kael as a masterpiece for the ages; it incorporated quasi-autobiographical maunderings by Marlon Brando, as well as a curious love-hate between the director and the protagonist as embodied by the star. In the meantime, Bertolucci also made a documentary for the Italian CP, projected during the elections on the façades of buildings in the streets of Rome—in other words, a cinematic agit-prop poster. Then came the endless and insufferable *1900*, in which all of Bertolucci's worst features had a field day, and Vittorio Storaro's sumptuous though rather too excogitated cinematography was all that saved the enterprise from utter banality and stiltedness.

The screenplay for the new film, *Luna*, is by Bernardo and Giuseppe Bertolucci and an Englishwoman, Clare Peploe, who was Antonioni's close friend but has now transferred her allegiance to the younger director. It is one of the




most obscure, grandiose, and vacuous scenarios ever concocted, having also a campily operatic side to it reminiscent (as it is also in other ways) of Visconti, the late doyen of covertly homosexual sensibility on stage and screen. *Luna* is the story of Caterina Silveri, an Italo-American soprano beloved in Italian opera houses, who, when her husband suddenly drops dead outside her Brooklyn Heights house, goes off on a lengthy Italian tour with her teenage son, Joe. Though she offers him lavish living in Rome and tries to be a good mother, she does not make Joe happy. In a movie theater—in a scene shot as confusingly as can be—Joe almost has intercourse with a willing young girl; later, he allows himself to be picked up by an older homosexual and dances with him, but nothing much comes of this either.

CATERINA, meanwhile, makes an operatic appearance in a bizarre production of *Trovatore*, containing a waterfall; has a lesbian relationship with a woman friend; goes into tantrums over the furnishing of her luxurious apartment; and tries to see her former lover, Giuseppe, in his seaside house outside Rome, but drives off hastily when his mother appears in response to her outcry. When she is suddenly impelled to visit her decrepit singing teacher in Parma, Joe follows her and, as they drive back together, dumps her cruelly along the road. A jolly Communist gives her a lift, but she sneeringly drops him when she hooks up with Joe again at a roadside inn; together they laugh at the abandoned "arsehole."

Presently, Caterina discovers that Joe has been buying heroin from a young Arab with whom he may have had more than business relations. Loving mother that she is, she buys some smack for her son, who seems to be temporarily out of pocket money. She even wants to help him shoot up, except that she forgot to buy him a new needle (the old one, I suppose, got lost in a haystack). Joe furiously stabs his vein with a fork; to compensate him for its failure to function as a syringe, she embraces him passionately and brings him to orgasm manually. They try to go to bed together, but Joe's stab (this time without a fork) at oral sex with his eager mother miscarries. (Originally, Bertolucci intended to consummate this affair, but his nerve, apparently, failed him.)

Everything resolves itself when Joe finds Giuseppe, his real father (why didn't Caterina arrange this before?), now a teacher of very young children; and all the principal characters, including also a ludicrous British ex-beau of Caterina's, converge on the Baths of Caracalla—or, rather, pop up there mysteriously, as if transported by a magic carpet. The action now shifts from the stage, where Caterina is improbably rehearsing (sometimes speaking rather than singing) her part in *A Masked Ball*, to below stage, where mother and son argue furiously and, it seems, irreconcilably, and thence to the open-air auditorium, where Giuseppe and Joe are watching the rehearsal along with the aforementioned others. Through highly charged *oeillades*, the family is not only reconciled but also bathed in love, and everything ends on a note of preposterous, and totally unearned, Hollywoodish bliss.

The plot, of course, is nowhere near so lucid as my summary makes it; it is, for example, preceded by a prologue that is completely opaque, but later can be taken to have implied that Giuseppe was as much in love with *his* mother as Joe (note the identity of names) is with his. For "mother," Bertolucci seems to use the symbol of the moon: a changeable, cold radiance; a heavenly body whose far side remains forever averted, dark, unknown; and a whopping platitude. The director puts it to no better use than a few scattered shots throughout the film, and a grotesque but elaborate drawing of the moon that Joe executes in no time flat while watching Giuseppe conduct a class.

*Luna* is a dreadfully poseurish film, whether Caterina, stopping at the gate to the Villa Verdi, improbably apostrophizes the filmmaker's favorite composer, or whether the neurotic home-



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life of mother and son is shown in the most superficial terms despite all that sensationalistic detail. Human behavior is treated capriciously and mechanistically, so that actions arise not out of psychological necessity or, failing that, some narrative logic, but out of Bertolucci's presumable desire to purge, without in the least clarifying them, his personal problems. We do not learn what the violence and vandalism on screen are really about, and seem to be getting would-be catharsis without confession, coming to terms without coming to grips, *ad astra* (or *ad lunam*) without *per ardua*.

Interestingly, it was a homosexual writer, André Gide, who first capitalized on the *acte gratuit*, and that, significantly, while still pretending to a heterosexual existence. I cannot presume to know exactly what is eating Bertolucci, but scenes like some of those that we get in *1900* and *Luna* must represent the rage of something repressed against a society that appears to demand such repression. This might, of course, be an excellent subject for a movie, but can result only in harmful falsification when it is dealt with evasively, shiftily, dishonestly.

Even Storaro's cinematography is less impressive in *Luna* than elsewhere, partly, I daresay, because the subject matter is less obviously photogenic. Matthew Barry, as Joe, is neither talented nor appealing, and, as Caterina, poor Jill Clayburgh is imposed upon in various merciless ways—from having three different operatic divas' dubbed voices emerge from her throat at various times to having to improvise scenes of passionate incest with an amateurish actor nowhere near up to it—though in general, I think, improvisation can never be relied on for more than an occasional happy accident. As for Bertolucci, that archetypal counterfeiter (to use a Gidean metapor), though his volume of verse was called *In Search of Mystery*, what he found and douses us with is mystification.

SIMILARLY, and perhaps relatedly, repulsive is Joseph Losey's movie version of Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. It would surely be best to leave opera on the stage, where it belongs, but if adaptation there must be, Ingmar Bergman's recipe in *The Magic Flute* seems most tolerable. Start with a filmed stage production showing the manifest artificialities of opera as a genre, then let these connect with the artificialities of cinema proper as you expand your film in that direction. It's by using generic conventions as couplings that you can join (figurative) freight cars to passenger cars.

Losey, however, begins by using the opera's overture as background music to a highly realistic scene in which aristocratic revelers gape at glass blowers toiling over a flaming pit in the glass works of Murano. This sequence is supposed to function on several levels, all cinematic rather than operatic: it suggests a relationship between Donna Anna and Don Giovanni through an exchange of significant glances; it introduces the fire that will ultimately swallow the Don—a working-class fire, be it noted; and it contrasts the concentration and skill of the workers with the idleness of the sightseeing rich.

All of this is, of course, bewildering for people unfamiliar with Mozart and Da Ponte's work; it also obliges the film to go without suitable transition from realism (the overture treated as a conventional background score) to the stylized mode of opera proper, making for an immediate loss in believability. Take now the fact that most of the film is set in and around the Rotonda, or Villa Capra, of Palladio at Vicenza (although other Palladian and non-Palladian buildings are also drawn upon), which often makes it look as if all the dramatis personae co-inhabited the same house. Certain scenes in gondolas were shot in Venice; a non-existent waterway is made to abut on the foot of the flight of open stairs leading to La Rotonda; and, in general, a new geography and topography are created. Daytime and nighttime scenes are strung together pell-mell, so that, along with our sense of place, our sense of time becomes blurred and frustrated. This is mere aestheticizing—making the scenes more "filmic" at Mozart's expense; things get worse when the Don and Leporello have a fight on a bed where a naked girl lies sleeping; on "I have never seen a greater natural endowment" Leporello actually pats her behind and gets his knuckles rapped, all this without waking the girl: total reification of woman and misogyny triumphant. Throughout the film, a nastily provocative, epicene page, dressed in black and wearing much make-up, pops up, mute and cocky, all over the place; sometimes he hands out props, sometimes he merely looks like a masochistic pederast's dream image.

BUT PERHAPS the cheapest trick is to have the Don watching a peasant girl realistically undressing at her casement while he leers at her; this does not seem to strike Losey as in the least inconsistent with a scene in which the scroll bearing the names and thumbnail biographies of the Don's conquests is unfurled by Leporello for Donna Elvira.



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and, like some endless serpent, wriggles down the open staircase and snakes across the landscape. The director is no more after a unified style than he is after a coherent tale. What he wants mostly is to impose his Marxist conception on the film, which he prefaces with a quotation from the Italian Marxist Gramsci about political interregnums giving birth to morbid symptoms—as does, alas, the sleep of Losey's reason.

Thus the Don is shown not as charming, seductive, or even physically winning, but merely as wealthy and powerful and wanted by women for that power. He is made up to resemble Leporello as much as possible (the handsome Ruggero Raimondi reduced to looking like the homely José Van Dam), to suggest a difference chiefly in the purse. Mozart's mischievously humane masquerade becomes a political homily.

And the music suffers. Contrary to publicized information, the sound-track recording on Columbia is not what you hear on screen: Lorin Maazel's already dubious tempos have been further fiddled with—certainly the recitatives are stretched to match the cinematic action. The sound level increases or decreases, however slightly, as the camera approaches or withdraws, and not as Mozart composed it. Several singers (imposed by the Paris Opera production of Rolf Liebermann, whose idea the film was) either look wrong or cannot act on camera, or are travestied by poor costume design and ghastly Fellinian fright wigs. All-around best are José Van Dam's Leporello and Kiri Te Kanawa's Elvira; worst are Teresa Berganza, markedly over-age for Zerlina, and Kenneth Riegel, a bad Ottavio vocally, visually, and histrionically.

Ruggero Raimondi, a good singer, comes off badly as the Don, travestied as he is for political reasons. When he bends over Zerlina to kiss her breasts, the shot from the rear makes his absurd peruke look like bat wings, and we expect him to suck the girl's blood. Not even his voice can save him: by the time the recording and reproducing devices of film get through with the human voice, it has lost much of its humanity. But the worst thing is that Valet in Black: Eric Adjani—Isabelle's brother and looking just like his sister—prowling, scowling, slithering, and comehithering ubiquitously. He was the idea of Losey's production designer and script collaborator, Frantz Salieri, who aptly bears the last name of Antonio Salieri, Mozart's rival, enemy, and, according to legend, poisoner. What Antonio didn't do, Frantz, with a little help from Joe, has accomplished. And let us not overlook Patricia, Mrs. Losey, whose English subtitles abound in things like "the desire of she who adores you" and "who, to my shame, I loved." □

# BOOKS IN BRIEF

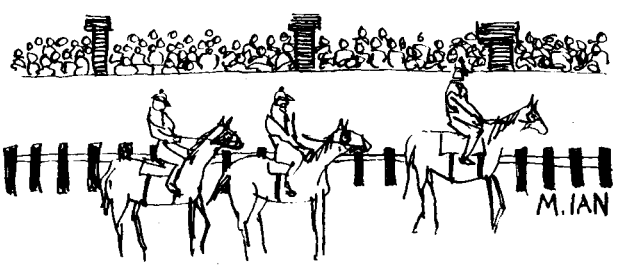
The Mahogany Tree: *An Informal History of Punch, by Arthur Prager (Hawthorn, 306 pp., $12.95).* *Punch*, Arthur Prager assures us insistently and at length, is a National Institution. As such, it is rich in history and in characters of all sorts. Be certain, if it happened at *Punch*, at any time in the 138 years of the British humor magazine's existence, it is in this book. Prager plainly worships the magazine; one of his happiest days, no doubt, was when he began the research for this chronicle and was invited by the editors to sit at the Mahogany Tree, a table which bears the initials of various *Punch* editors and friends, and which is a journalistic relic of some repute. Artists, editors, writers, office politics are all described in detail. This may, in fact, be part of the problem: the book, especially in the second half, degenerates into mere lists and names, names, names. Prager is an accurate enough reporter but is muzzy on criticism, so he ends up either huffing with disapproval or hyperventilating with enthusiasm. He covers everything, but no one thing particularly well. He takes it all just a little too seriously. And he is a little too hard on Malcolm Muggeridge. Oh these Yanks! JOE MYSAK

Sally Hemings, *by Barbara Chase-Riboud (Viking, 348 pp., $10.95).* Ever since Fawn Brodie's biography of Jefferson publicized the existence of Sally Hemings, his slave mistress, it was almost inevitable that a novel would be written about her. The paradox of Jefferson the enemy of slavery and Jefferson the slaveowner surely merits examination, but Barbara Chase-Riboud's book does nothing to explain it. While her descriptions of scenery and fashions are historically precise and her minor portraits of Abigail Adams, Dolly Madison, and Aaron Burr have bite, Jefferson remains a vague and shadowy figure, never fleshed out into a believable human being. Sally is explored in greater depth, but the way the opening of the book is constructed forces the whole story to be told in flashback, creating an unbridgeable distance between the reader and both protagonists. Caught in her own paradox, loving Jefferson the man and hating Jefferson the master, Sally chooses not to claim her freedom on French soil, nor later to "stroll" (as Jefferson allowed his slave children to do). She is "enslaved by love." It is the author's basic inability to define Jefferson which makes this motivation unbelievable. As presented here he is simply not lovable. Sally Hemings lives as wife to a man for 38 years, bears him seven children, stands by him in sickness and health; yet she is never acknowledged, never freed. Jefferson lives a lonely, secret life and dies a man without sons. His slave children live without a father. This is tragedy for all. It requires more than well-meaning prose. It requires that sense of universal pathos which creates art.

CAROLE CLEAVER

The Boy Who Loved Music, *by David Lasker, illustrated by Joe Lasker (Viking, 48 pp., $8.95);* Ox-Cart Man, *by Donald Hall, pictures by Barbara Cooney (Viking, 40 pp., $8.95);* Stonewall, *by Jean Fritz, drawings by Stephen Gammel (Putnam, 152 pp., $7.95).* For those who love music —or beautiful paintings of life in an idealized eighteenth century Austria—the Laskers' book, with minimal text, is just right. It tells the story of Haydn's composition of the "Farewell" Symphony in 1772 as a cunning device for getting his musicians out of the stuffy atmosphere of Prince Esterhazy's castle and back to the Vienna they loved. The second of these books for children at Christmas—a more astringent tale, and astringently illustrated with paintings of the spare New England landscape—is poet Donald Hall's account of a New Hampshire farmer who takes his worldly goods, ox and cart included, to be sold in Portsmouth Market and returns on foot to start the cycle over again. For older readers, Jean Fritz's *Stonewall* is a mixed blessing. It is probably the most detailed and accurate account we have of the career of the remarkable Confederate general, but the "hero" that emerges is too inflexibly righteous to have much appeal. For the first 35 of his 39 years Jackson seems to have been a humorless religious fanatic

*(Continues on page 1641)*



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# Dark Horses

M. STANTON EVANS

CHOOSING THE most wretched Supreme Court decision of all time is not an easy task, but John T. Noonan's *A Private Choice* (Free Press, $11.95) makes a persuasive case for conferring this distinction on *Roe* v. *Wade* and *Doe* v. *Bolton*, the abortion rulings handed down in 1973.

Professor Noonan, who teaches law at Berkeley, has done a masterly job of dissecting Justice Blackmun's abortion-on-demand opinion on grounds of legal history, scientific fact, common logic, and elementary ethics, and finds it wanting on all counts. In this ruling, Noonan shows, the Court twisted the safeguards of our constitutional law and the facts of scientific record beyond recognition, in order to justify killing a million unborn children annually.

The central paradox of the Court's position, Noonan argues, is its bland assumption that killing the unborn is a civil-libertarian aspect of the mother's "privacy." This notion is arrived at by the simple expedient of ignoring other parties to the transaction, most obviously the children themselves. Justice Blackmun professed the Court unable to decide whether the unborn child is a human life or not, and then resolved the issue in favor of death by ruling that the child could be exterminated.

In fact, as Noonan demonstrates, the matter isn't that mysterious. Medical science tells us that individuated human life comes into being in the genetic union of male and female chromosomes, and that the life process is continuous thereafter. It also tells us that unborn babies, by the time they are ready to be killed, are perfectly formed if very tiny human beings who, among other things, recoil from pain, and who must suffer unspeakable agonies when they are being cut to pieces.

Noonan demolishes the legal rigmarole used to justify this horrid business —showing that it is a reversal of legal traditions expanding human rights, as well as a refusal to confront the medical facts of record concerning the reality of fetal life. The decision, he contends, represents the victory of rampant ideology—a sophisticated barbarism that has succeeded in pounding its dehumanizing message home in media, government, and, finally, the courts.

If what we are doing to unborn children is ghastly, Noonan concludes, what we are doing to ourselves is no less appalling. For we have taken it upon ourselves to decide that certain human beings are no longer legal people, and may be disposed of according to the whim of others—the first step toward the totalitarian abyss. Beyond it lie still other horrors which expand upon the principle—letting babies born alive die through neglect, experimentation on the unborn (now sanctified in federal law), euthanasia, infanticide.

INFANTICIDE, of course, was widely practiced in the ancient world and is still accepted in some non-Western cultures. Since it is rigorously condemned by Judaic and Christian ethics, we are less accustomed to think of it as being practiced in the West. But according to Dr. Maria W. Piers of the Erikson Institute for Early Education in *Infanticide: Past and Present* (Norton, $7.95), the killing of children occurs in our society more often than we suppose.

Dr. Piers is interested in the psychological roots of infanticide, and therefore does not devote much space to a review of the empirical data. Her anecdotal evidence suggests, however, that infanticide has had a long underground existence in the West and is being practiced now in the United States and elsewhere. The author speculates much about the influence of urban poverty, oppression of women, corporal punishment, and early emotional deprivation in producing such unnatural behavior in parents. Whatever the ultimate causes, she observes, the key consideration is that the parent thinks of the child not as a human being but as "a thing" which, although she nowhere makes the connection, is precisely the message conveyed by the pro-abortionists in the debate about the unborn child. □


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WALTER S. ROSS:

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## McCLAUGHRY

(Continued from page 1613)

From the IRS's point of view, the issue is to collect money owed by citizens to the government, and to close off all loopholes which might allow a taxpayer to escape. The IRS is determined to enforce an employer/employee relationship in every case where it thinks it has a ghost of a chance of making its ruling stick. The IRS wants withholding—of income taxes, of FICA, of FUTA—for, without it, the IRS genuinely believes that America's voluntary system of taxpaying will eventually collapse.

The IRS may well be right, but the issue is broader than that. Voluntary compliance worked exceptionally well when government was limited, taxes were reasonable, and inflation was virtually unknown. Social Security payments were not a serious problem when the payroll tax was low and actuaries maintained conservative assumptions about future revenues and benefits. There is nothing the IRS can do to deal with these larger problems. If the American system of voluntary taxpayer compliance—for so long the wonder of the world—is to be salvaged before it's too late, it will require strong political leadership by the President and Congress.

MEANWHILE, the IRS's determined pursuit of the independent contractor can, in and of itself, have severe negative repercussions on American society. For the small independent contractor and proprietor are the social and political backbone of the nation's commitment to a competitive free-enterprise economic system. These are the men and women who best exemplify the traditional entrepreneurial spirit on which the continued success of the American economic system must ultimately be based.

Independent contracting and small proprietorships are a vital entry point for those who will provide much of the forward motion of tomorrow's economy, and also much of the political strength of our society. Turn this class of men and women into employees, bereft of the independence they so cherish, and the long-range damage will be incalculable. Unless Americans are willing to accept the prospect of an exclusively corporate economy, where independent economic activity is considered a quaint and possibly dangerous relic of an earlier age, the battle with the independent contractor is one that Congress must cause the IRS to lose. □

## BRIEFS

(Continued from page 1638)

punishing himself through the most bizarre of self-imposed physical and mental disciplines. How all this paid off through Chancellorsville, when recklessness, ruthlessness, and sheer will power were pitted against Union incompetence and timidity, is well conveyed. But Jackson's military genius, which must have been nurtured by watching Robert E. Lee and Winfield Scott perform in Mexico, is never hinted at. And the skillful, misty drawings are as reticent as the somber text.

SELDEN RODMAN

EARL WARREN: *The Judge Who Changed America, by Jack Harrison Pollack (Prentice-Hall, 386 pp., $14.95).* The 14th Chief Justice of the United States is assured an indelible place in history as one of the most controversial leaders of the Supreme Court. Alternately reviled as an atheistic Communist and revered as a brilliant libertarian, this man's philosophical credentials were actually far more mundane. His longtime friend Harry Truman pegged him early, snorting, "Earl Warren's a Democrat and don't know it." At his retirement from the Court in 1969 after 16 years of tumultuous rulings that shamelessly advanced the cause of political and social egalitarianism, the entire country knew it. The key to understanding the Warren Court is to appreciate the sublime political acumen of this man who, prior to his appointment by Dwight Eisenhower, had never presided over a court. But as a shrewd governor of California he had longed for the White House, only to be denied the office by the winds of political chance. Those same currents brought him to the Supreme Court during a national era that offered a relative vacuum of Executive leadership. Pollack's paean to Warren suggests a pilgrim's progress to the promised land of liberalism. Excusing the Chief Justice's earlier conservatism as evidence of stunted growth, the author leaps to the assertion that his ideological swing to the left should be viewed less as a political fact than as a moral conversion. Sample this turgid description of the JFK inaugural: "Thus the first Catholic President of the United States was sworn in by a onetime Methodist whose High Court was then battling bigotry in all forms." The tone of Pollack's polemic calls into question his reliability as a historical witness. There he had best take the Fifth Amendment.

ALAN L. MILLER



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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

# My Brother's Keeper

On The Right

*New York*, Nov. 26—My brother the bard of Scrabble, Virginia—the Right Honorable James Jackson Kilpatrick, who presides over a distillery that manufactures more truths, insights, cogencies, and songs than anyone in the business—has a fox in his bosom; and for old times' sake, I want to help him out. It is that Ronald Reagan is unqualified to be President because he hasn't had any experience in Washington, D.C. I teased him about that one and said the real reason he had turned against Reagan was that Reagan once referred to him on *Meet the Press* as "Jim," whereas he is known as Kilpo, or Jack, or—to the cognoscenti—as Numero Uno. I mentioned this in order to seek to amuse John Sears, the manager of Mr. Reagan's campaign, and Sears brightened and said, "Kilpatrick has problems? Reagan regularly refers to Perry Duryea as 'Dan'"—thus nicely confusing a very active political figure in the State of New York with a veteran Hollywood tough-guy.

Anyway, the subject comes up every now and then, often from people who despair of finding in Mr. Reagan any signs of physical decomposition. "What does he know about Washington? All his experience has been in California."

Now it is true President Carter has given not-knowing-anything-about-Washington a bad name. But just because Mr. Carter is a poor President, it does not follow that he is a poor President because he didn't know anything about Washington. As a matter of fact there are those who believe that if not knowing anything about Washington means that he has had less success than he would otherwise have had in getting his bills through Congress, then the country has been spared some very bad legislation on account of that ignorance. No, it isn't a matter of not having had experience in Washington that has paralyzed Carter. Carter is immobilized by moral electrodes that flash through his mind giving out impulses that are inconsistent with reality and often contradictory. That sort of thing doesn't seem to impair Ronald Reagan, as witness that even while a declared conservative, he presided serenely over the fortunes of the hectic State of California and left the patient in very good condition.

But the key answer to the question is, surely, that abstractly stated it isn't possible to be qualified for the Presidency if by a qualified President is meant someone who executes the authority given to the President by the Constitution of the United States and the 96 Congresses that have regularly imposed on the Chief Executive burdens at an exponential rate of speed.

In theory, we have Presidents who are bionic men, capable in one day of setting the day's quota for dill pickles, scrutinizing the credentials of a proposed federal judge, placating the dissidents in his Cabinet, saying yes and no to a request by the CIA, lecturing to a convention of the Girl Scouts of America, preparing for a press conference at which he might be asked what will be the impact of entitlement transfers on the windfall-profits tax, hurrying to the Situation Room to figure out how to help the Saudis defend Mecca (giving him little time to decide whether a Baptist has any business worrying about Mecca), changing for dinner, and going over the speech prepared for him recounting the benefactions to mankind of Sékou Touré for that evening's state dinner.

The answer of course is written into the aphorism, "If there's no alternative, there's no problem." We have to have a President of the United States notwithstanding that no one can discharge the functions of the office in the way in which they are supposed to be discharged. Question: What did Dwight Eisenhower know about Washington? He had experience in the Pentagon—so what? History nowadays is speaking rather kindly about his performance as President. He was a presence. He had a few basically rooted ideals. He was a practiced conciliator who knew when to get tough, when to be yielding. Reagan is all those things. And a lot more: he is eloquent, more experienced in government as distinguished from military forms of administration. So he arrives in Washington vaguely unsure whether a majority whip outranks a minority leader—ho hum. Dan Duryea would make a fine director of the FBI, and good old Jim Kilpatrick is a great writer, and a fine, patriotic American. □

**WHOSE FAULT?** *New York*, Nov. 23—The Marine sergeant released by the Ayatollah's young goons arrived safely in Germany and announced that he had not really known, until his recent experience, how "imperialist" America actually was. We don't really understand the Iranian movement, he was quoted as saying. He sounded as if he had spent 15 days with Andy Young.

We know there is a thing called the Stockholm Syndrome, named after the bank clerks locked into a vault by armed robbers and kept there over a stretch of time. When finally released, they had developed a psychic affinity for, and dependence on, their captors that led them to extravagant acts of generosity, indeed loyalty. The lushest bloom of the Stockholm Syndrome was of course Patty Hearst, or, rather, Tania.

But the confusion of our poor Marine sergeant, and no doubt of others to follow, is not entirely explained by the Syndrome. The sergeant's new vision of America is certainly not idiopathic, nor exclusively the doing of Iranian indoctrinators. It is not completely removed from the Administration's understanding of itself, bizarre though that may sound; and no better brief explanation of the Administration's paralyzing ambivalence in dealing with foreign countries is available than in the current issue of *Commentary* magazine, in an article on "Dictatorships and Double Standards," by Jeane Kirkpatrick.

Miss Kirkpatrick, a professor of political science at Georgetown, leads us painfully through postwar history. We begin with an ally, an autocrat (which is how most countries in the world are governed). An insurgent movement develops, more often than not financed by the Soviet Union. The forces of democracy and liberalism get going on the autocrat. We slow down our aid. We suspend our aid. We give our ally the diplomatic cold shoulder. The insurgent movement grows. The autocrat is deposed. He is replaced by another autocrat, often beholden to Left ideology, and we get a net worsening of the domestic situation, and a fresh enemy of the United States. That roughly is how it went in China, in Cuba, in Vietnam, in Angola, in Iran, and, most recent-



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ly, in Nicaragua, where the democratic baptism following the exorcism of Somoza now turns out to be elections postponed for three to five years, during which "the people" can be re-educated.

Miss Kirkpatrick reminds us forcefully that the "forces" which, in the modernist paradigm, are constantly at work to bring to societies freedom, peace, industrialization, self-pride, continence, and all the civic virtues, are really creatures of such inflamed imaginations as Jimmy Carter's and his speech-writers'. Those so-called forces aren't that; they are fomented by individuals, by movements, by organizations, indeed by bullets.

The Ayatollah and his spokesmen are bent on persuading the world that the United States controlled the Shah, and therefore that we are criminal accomplices in the Shah's crimes. But if that were the case, why would there be dead and tortured Iranians? The United States doesn't kill or maim its own dissenters; so why would we practice such a policy in Iran, if we were in control there? Try to discover the illiteracy figures for Iran in 1945. You will find no records were kept—not until 1956, when illiteracy was recorded at 85 per cent. Twenty years later it was at 60 per cent. Are the Americans to blame for that? Or the Shah? It is true that in 1953 the United States interceded in behalf of the young Shah against Mossadeq, for reasons anyone familiar with the alternatives can criticize only with great difficulty. But after the Shah's restoration, Iran exercised full sovereignty under the Shah, who, with the immense wealth of his country, armed it (not against the contingency of U.S. invasion), and sought to modernize it.

THE U.S. State Department's 1977 report on human rights described an Iran confronted "with a small number of extreme rightist and leftist terrorists operating within the country. There is evidence that they have received substantial foreign support and training . . . [and] have been responsible for the murder of Iranian government officials and Americans." Such situations, in autocratic countries, tend to breed political prisoners and torture. Suppose that the Shah had been a friend not of America, but of the Soviet Union; that he had bought arms not from us but from them. Like Tito who lives in a splendor no less regal than the Shah's. What then would hostages be saying, as they dribbled out of bondage to the sanctuary of their defamed homeland?

"If," Miss Kirkpatrick concludes, "revolutionary leaders describe the United States as the scourge of the twentieth century, the enemy of freedom-loving people, the perpetrator of imperialism, racism, colonialism, genocide, war, then they are not authentic democrats or, to put it mildly, friends. Groups which define themselves as enemies should be treated as enemies." That is what Daniel Patrick Moynihan was trying to say while at the United Nations. Pondering that we traveled from Pat Moynihan to Andy Young in three years should leave us less surprised that, during the same period, Iran traveled from the Shah to the Ayatollah. □

## THE FORGOTTEN EUROPEAN

*New York*, Dec. 3—An enterprising American of European background and cosmopolitan experience has been alarmed for several months at the suggestion that Europeans are united in desiring the consummation of SALT II. Because he spends months of every year in Europe, knows the strategic, intellectual, and political aristocracy, he went there expressly for the purpose of generating a few letters from thoughtful men and women to help to counteract in the Senate the impact of our vast international diplomatic enterprise.

The whole of our Foreign Service has apparently been turned into an evangelical movement designed to persuade Europeans to use their influence on the Senate and on U.S. public opinion to push SALT. Our ambassadors have become overnight specialists in SALT; and they have been expected to conduct seminars and deliver speeches as impassioned as anything Daniel Webster ever said to the Devil. And indeed the confluence of pressure from the United States and the Soviet Union has been greatly effective. The official position of official Europe is: Go on SALT. There are those who believe that if Mrs. Thatcher and Giscard d'Estaing and Schmidt were given polygraph tests, they would reveal deep misgivings about SALT. But Common Cause and Ralph Nader have not yet institutionalized lie-detector tests for our leaders, so we are left to surmise.

Otto von Habsburg, who would today be the Emperor of Austria-Hungary if the other side had won the First World War, is a brilliant scholar and statesman and member of the European parliament, who has written to Senator Pell of the Foreign Relations Committee, "I hope that you will not consider it presumptuous if I inform you that, as far as I can find out, there is a very sizable body of opinion here in Europe, which has grave misgivings over SALT II and fears that its ratification would have very detrimental effects on the security of the Free World."

Former Prime Minister Antoine Pinay of France, the surviving elder statesman of the postwar age, writes that ratification would be a "catastrophe for the Western world," while Air Vice Marshal S. W. B. Menaul, in a letter to Senator Jackson and other influential members of the Senate committee, is very specific: "No one," he writes, "not even the [Carter] Administration, disputes that the 308 SS-18 heavy missiles, each armed with ten MIRVed warheads, could, in a surprise attack, destroy the whole of the United States Minuteman force and still have enough left to mount a devastating second strike against the United States." Understandably, he is concerned for Europe. "In any future arms-control negotiations the voice of Europe must be heard. The SALT II treaty in its present form favors the Soviet Union and will encourage her to demand more concessions in any future arms-control negotiations."

AND Winston S. Churchill (grandson), himself an MP, has reminded us that "the Soviets have built a tank army twenty times greater than Hitler's." And—get this—"In the space of the past 18 months alone the Soviet Union has deployed against Britain and the other nations of Western Europe a force of more than one hundred SS-20 mobile IRBMs with a combined destructive potential equal to ten thousand Hiroshima bombs. In addition, an equal number of Backfire nuclear strike bombers armed with cruise missiles with a range greater than six hundred kilometers and with a destructive potential at least as great have been targeted against Western Europe. These grave developments represent a clear and defiant breach by the Soviet Union of the spirit of 'Detente' and the Helsinki Agreement. Public statements have been made to the effect that there is nothing in the Treaty to prevent weapons-modernization or the transfer of technology between Allies. What has not been mentioned is the sale of a new generation of strategic launch vehicles. It is precisely this that Britain so urgently requires and, unless firm undertakings have been obtained from the United States Administration—at least equal in standing to the Articles of the SALT Treaty itself—the SALT Agreement as it stands cannot fairly be described as being in the interests of the British people."

There is a great deal more, and one wishes that students of the Finlandization of Europe, which has long since been predicted, would pause to ask themselves the question: Are we not hearing from the heads of state of Europe exactly the kind of thing one would hear from the head of state of Finland? And for the same reason? □

**(Universal Press Syndicate)**



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# Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

## DEFINITIONS

A. In a manner worthy of esteem — 3 167 36 199 39 21 202 118 149

B. The capital of a mid-Western state — 61 40 29 67 131 52 111 79 46

C. To lie in wait for — 51 11 71 108 194 203

D. River which appears in Burns' poetry but not in gazeteers — 55 100 75 134 132

E. These stay behind when a person shuffles off this mortal coil — 97 30 48 106 156 181 15

F. To cause to seem inferior — 120 81 22 182 56 63 16 113

G. What an ex-Confederate lawyer wore in federal courtroom in January during labor litigation — 142 31 192 141 82 157 170 195 92

H. A yeast cake prepared for Purim (one of two spellings) — 155 23 183 114 45 32 59 164 2

I. A type of shack or shed — 12 26 41 50 53 65

J. What information used in a debate may be called — 7 13 33 73 18 37 201 130 169 140

K. A city on Lake Winnebago, Wisc. — 171 34 184 102 116 54

L. Subtle reasoning — 57 70 66 126 38 138 148 165 168 205

M. A HORSE CART might be upset with all the members of this in it — 89 27 193 93 119 196 83 124 43

N. Johann Gensfleisch's most famous work — 42 105 60 62 69 112 123 163 143 197 / 204 19 152 180

O. This ought to be loosened for the sake of our foreign policy — 17 35 91 10 176 47

P. Town in Lafayette and Saline Counties, Mo. — 28 84 125 136

Q. A baseball defensive play — 178 44 172 137 161 95 145

R. Released from tension — 162 127 24 85 177 1

S. What the White House had during Buchanan's administration — 72 9 160 179 190 200 68 78 104 110 / 128 147 154 20 4 8

T. Town in Perkins County, S.D. — 107 121 174 189 186 86

U. The kind of twaddle Holmes wrote, according to Watson — 166 187 5 153 159 101 117 25 49

V. What ROAST MULES would do when done to a turn — 80 90 98 103 115 150 188 198 64 74

W. A Chicago suburb between Oak Lawn and Evergreen Park — 76 96 175 58 87 158 6 185

X. One of the canines — 94 109 77 122 99 146 133 144

Y. Private Pullman quarters the general might occupy — 191 173 14 135 139 129 88 151

## DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution.

See page 1640 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

| | | 1 R | 2 H | 3 A | 4 S | 5 U | | 6 W | 7 J | 8 S | | 9 S | 10 O | | 11 C | 12 I | 13 J |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 14 Y | 15 E | 16 F | | 17 O | 18 J | 19 N | 20 S | 21 A | 22 F | 23 H | 24 R | 25 U | 26 I | | 27 M | 28 P | 29 B |
| 30 E | 31 G | 32 H | 33 J | 34 K | 35 O | 36 A | | 37 J | 38 L | | 39 A | 40 B | | 41 I | 42 N | 43 M | 44 Q |
| 45 H | 46 B | 47 O | | 48 E | 49 U | 50 I | | 51 C | 52 B | 53 I | 54 K | | 55 D | | 56 F | 57 L | 58 W |
| 59 H | 60 N | | 61 B | 62 N | 63 F | 64 V | | 65 I | 66 L | | 67 B | 68 S | 69 N | 70 L | 71 C | | 72 S |
| 73 J | 74 V | | 75 D | 76 W | 77 X | | 78 S | 79 B | 80 V | 81 F | 82 G | 83 M | 84 P | 85 R | 86 T | 87 W | |
| 88 Y | 89 M | 90 V | 91 O | | 92 G | 93 M | 94 X | | 95 Q | 96 W | 97 E | 98 V | | 99 X | 100D | | 101U |
| 102K | | 103V | 104S | 105N | 106E | 107T | 108C | 109X | | 110S | 111B | 112N | 113F | 114H | 115V | 116K | 117U |
| 118A | 119M | | 120F | 121T | 122X | 123N | 124M | 125P | 126L | 127R | 128S | 129Y | 130J | 131B | 132D | | 133X |
| 134D | | 135Y | 136P | 137Q | 138L | | 139Y | 140J | 141G | 142G | 143N | 144X | | 145Q | 146X | 147S | |
| 148L | 149A | 150V | 151Y | 152N | 153U | | 154S | 155H | 156E | 157G | | 158W | 159U | | 160S | 161Q | 162R |
| 163N | 164H | 165L | | 166U | 167A | | 168L | 169J | | 170G | 171K | 172Q | 173Y | 174T | 175W | 176O | 177R |
| | 178Q | 179S | 180N | 181E | 182F | 183H | 184K | 185W | 186T | 187U | | 188V | 189T | 190S | 191Y | 192G | 193M |
| 194C | | 195G | 196N | | 197N | 198V | 199A | 200S | 201J | | 202A | 203C | | 204W | 205L | | |



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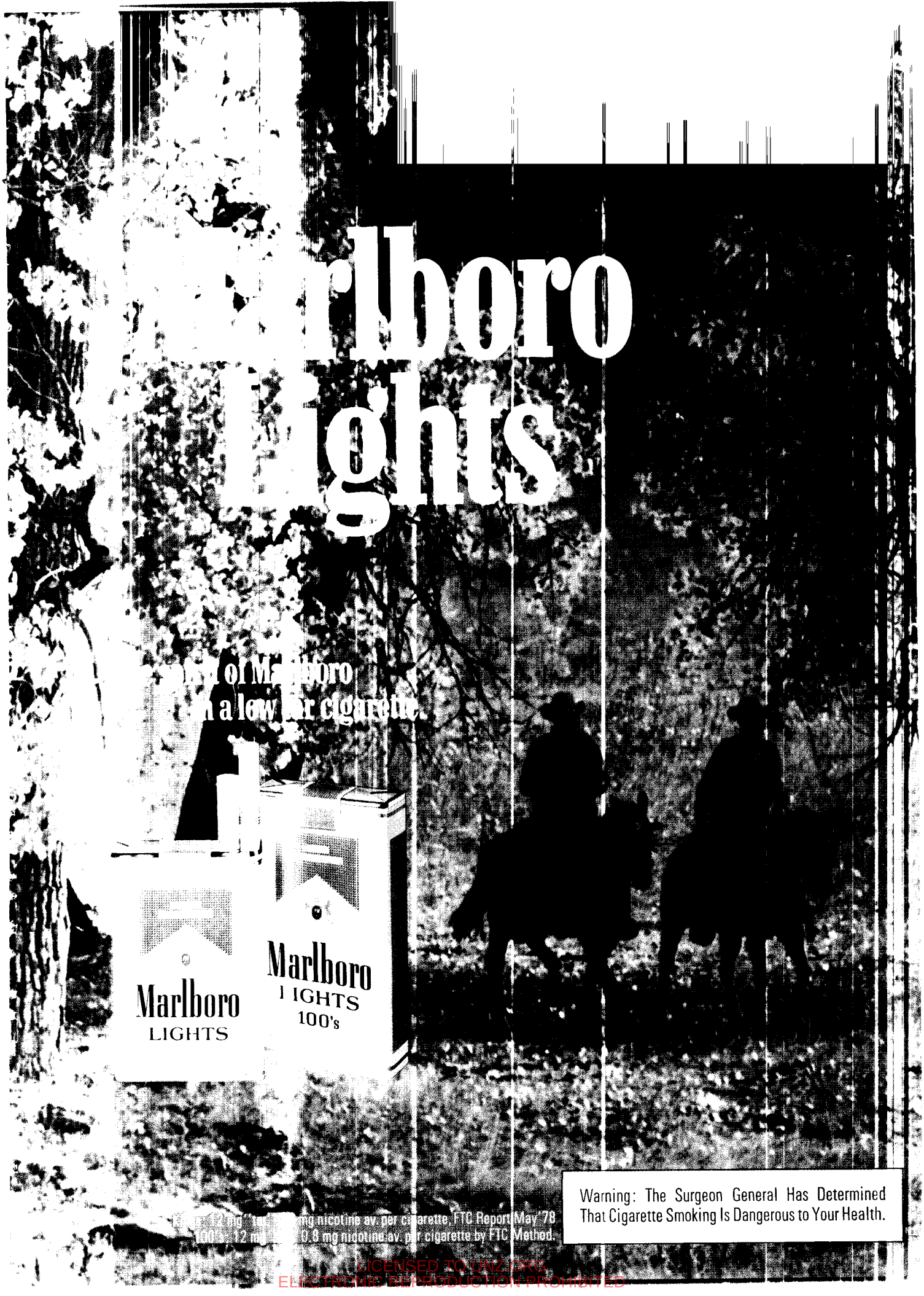


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